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TRAITS

OF

AMERICAN LIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

EDITOR OF "THE AMERICAN LADIES' MAGAZINE," AND AUTHOR OF "NORTHWOOD," "FLORA'S INTERPRETER," &C. &C.

"My native land! my native land!—
To whom my thoughts will fondly turn;
For her the warmest hopes expand,
For her the heart with fears will yearn—
Oh! may she keep her eye like thee,
Proud eagle of the rocky wild,
Fixed on the sun of Liberty,
By rank, by faction unbeguiled."

CHARLES W. THOMSON.

PHILADELPHIA:
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TO

MY FRIEND,

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED,

AS A TOKEN OF THE ESTEEM AND AFFECTION CHERISHED FOR HER,

BY THE AUTHOR.

Boston, June 16, 1835.

PREFACE.

THE Sketches and Stories here offered to the public, have not entirely the attraction of novelty to plead in their favour—but the Author trusts that the sentiments inculcated, and principles illustrated, are such as will bear a reiteration.

It was her intention, while displaying, accurately, various *traits* in the American character, to furnish hints and examples which might be beneficial to society. If an impression, favourable to the cause of truth and virtue, is left on the mind of the reader, the Author will be satisfied, though the meed of fame is not awarded her.

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TRAITS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

THE LLOYDS.

CHAPTER I.

"To me what's greatness when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
To be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines?" MASSINGER.

"WHY is it," inquired my friend, "that you so generally have chosen your heroes among the *parvenus* rather than the *distingues* of society? Have the old rich families no characteristics worthy of notice? Or are those Americanisms, which make the peculiarities of our national habits and manners, more easily discovered in country life and among the middling classes?"

"That would undoubtedly be a good reason; for the middling class is allowed, in every country, to exhibit the most distinct and accurate pictures of

national peculiarities; but I cannot plead so seasonably. I confess I have been chiefly influenced by the wish of displaying the American character in its fairest light; and I found the rising stars more brilliant than the meridian ones, because the last do not increase in brightness and magnitude in proportion to their height and distance. To speak without metaphor—the engrossing pursuit of Americans is wealth. Now while there is a necessity for this exertion in the circumstances of the individual, the struggle ennobles his character, by calling forth the strongest energies of his mind and action. It is not merely to be rich that he strives. He usually has some beloved and dependent ones to provide for, which exercises and strengthens his tender and affectionate feelings. And then he is indulging the hope of achieving great things hereafter, and the world gives him credit for the good intention. But when his fortune is made, and he continues the pursuit of gain, mostly, as it seems, from the habit of accumulating, all the generosity and nobleness of his enterprises vanish. What in the rising man was industry and economy, becomes in the rich man parsimony and avarice. To avoid these imputations the rich often display an extravagance in their style of living, which they do not approve, and do not enjoy; only they feel it to be necessary to silence the cavils of those who would

otherwise call them miserly, if they did not make a show where they can so well afford it. I wish I had models, such as I can imagine, of our republican character, among the rich. How proud I should be to make them heroes of the sketch and the song!"

"Well, pray delineate such an one," said my friend, "if it be but a sketch of fancy."

And I will—and should any rich man think the character of the Lloyds fictitious, I wish he would, before affirming such an opinion, to the injury of my veracity, as a faithful delineator of American traits, make an experiment of five years, at least, in his own case, and see if these pictures cannot be realized.

Arthur Lloyd was about twenty-two when, by his father's death, he came into possession of property worth half a million. His father died somewhat suddenly, and the young man, who was then in Paris, partly on business for his father, partly to see the world, was summoned home by the cares which such an inheritance naturally involved. There are few scenes that more deeply try the spirit of a man than a return to a desolate home. The mind can support the separations, which the inevitable current of human affairs renders inevitable, without much suffering. One may even dwell in the midst of strangers, and not feel lonely, if the

heart has a resting-place elsewhere. But when we open the solitary apartments, where every thing we see calls up associations of dear friends we can hope to meet no more for ever, a blight falls on our path of life, and we know that whatever of happiness may await us, our enjoyments can never be as in days past.

It was late on Saturday night when Arthur Lloyd reached the elegant mansion in —— street, New York, of which he was now the sole proprietor. The domestics had been expecting his arrival, and every arrangement had been made, as far as they knew his wishes and taste, to gratify him. Wealth will command attention; but in this case there was more devotion to the man than to his money; for Arthur was beloved, and affection needs no prompter.

"How sorry I am that this pretty *mignonette* is not in blossom," said Mrs. Ruth, the housekeeper; "you remember, Lydia, how young Mr. Lloyd liked the *mignonette*."

"Yes, I remember it well—but I always thought it was because Miss Ellen called it her flower, and he wanted to please the pretty little girl."

"That might make some difference, Lydia, for he has such a kind heart. And now I think of it, I wonder if Miss Ellen knows he is expected home so soon."

"She does," said Lydia, "for I told her yesterday—but she did'nt seem to care; and I do not think she likes him."

"She is melancholy, poor child! and who can blame her, when she has lost her best friend?"

"Why, Mrs. Ruth, cannot young Mr. Lloyd be as good a friend as his father? I am sure he will be as kind."

"Yes, no doubt of that. But, Lydia, it will not do for a young man to be so kind to a pretty girl. Ellen is now quite a young lady,—the world would talk about it."

"I wonder who would dare to speak a word against Mr. Arthur?"—said Lydia, reddening with indignation. When a man's household are his friends, he hardly need care for the frowns of the world; and even the gloom of sorrow was relieved as Arthur shook hands with the old and favoured domestics, whose familiar faces glowed with that honest, hearty welcome, which no parasite can counterfeit. But when he retired to his chamber, the silence and solitude brought the memory of his lost friends sadly and deeply on his mind. He felt alone in the world. What did it avail that he had wealth to purchase all which earth calls pleasures, when the disposition to enjoy them could not be purchased? The brevity of life seemed written on every object around. All these things had belong-

ed to his parents. And now they had no part in all that was done beneath the sun.

"And yet," thought Arthur, "who knows that their interest in earthly things is annihilated by death? Why may not a good man receive much of his heavenly felicity from witnessing the growth of the good seed he has planted in living hearts? Why may he not be gladdened, even when singing the song of his own redemption, by seeing that the plans he had devised for the improvement of his fellow-beings are in progress, carried forward by agents whom God has raised up to do their share of the labour in fitting this world for the reign of the just?—If—if my good parents are ever permitted to look down upon the son they have trained so carefully,—God grant they may find he has not departed from the way their precepts and example have alike made plain before him."

There is no opiate, excepting a good conscience, like a good resolution. And Arthur slept soundly that night, and passed the Sabbath in the tranquillity which a spirit resigned to the will of heaven, and yet resolved to do all that earth demands of a rational being, cannot but enjoy. But one thought would intrude to harass him. His father's death had occurred while Arthur was far away. He had not heard the parting counsel, the dying benediction. Perhaps his father had, in his last moments,

thought of some important suggestion or warning for his son, but there was no ear, tuned by affection, to vibrate at the trembling sound, and catch and interpret the whispered and broken sentence, and so the pale lips were mute.

With such impressions on his mind, Arthur was prepared to read eagerly a letter, directed to himself, which he found deposited in his father's desk, purposely, as it appeared, to meet the notice of his son, before beginning the inspection of those papers business would render necessary. I shall give the entire letter, because the character of the father must be understood in order to comprehend the influences which had modelled that of his son.

It is on the very rich and the very poor that domestic example and instruction operate with the most sure and abiding effect. We find the children of parents in the middling class, removed from the temptation of arrogance on the one hand and despair on the other, are those who admire and endeavour to imitate the models of goodness and greatness which history furnishes, or the world presents. Such may become, what is termed, self-educated—but this process the very rich think unnecessary, and the very poor impossible. Therefore, when the early training of these two classes has inclined them to evil, they rarely recover them-

selves from the contamination. But the letter—it ran thus:

"My dear and only Son.

"I informed you in my last letter, that my health was declining. I felt, even then, though I did not express it, that I should never see you again in this world; still I did not anticipate the rapid progress which my disease has since made. However, I have much cause for thankfulness. I endure little pain, and my mind was never more calm and collected. I have resolved, therefore, to arrange some of my thoughts and reflections for your perusal, knowing that you will prize them as the last expression of your father's love.

"I have often endeavoured, in my hours of health, to bring the final scene of departure from this world vividly before my mind. I have thought I had succeeded. But the near approach to the borders of eternity, wonderfully alters the appearance of all earthly things. I often find myself saying—'What shadows we are—and what shadows we pursue!'

"Shadows, indeed! But it would not be well that the veil should be removed from the eyes of those whose journey of life is, apparently, long before them. The duties which prepare us for hea-

ven must be done on earth. It is this moral responsibility which makes the importance of every action we perform. Considered in this light, the example of every rational being is invested with a mighty power for good or evil; and that good is productive of happiness, and evil of misery, we need not the award of the last judgment to convince us. The history of the world, our observation, our conscience, and our reason, all prove that to deal justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God, is the perfection of man's felicity. The great error lies in mistaking our true interest. We separate earth from heaven by an impassable gulf, and in our labours for the body think the spirit's work has no connexion. This false philosophy makes us selfish while we are young, and superstitious when we are old, and of consequence unhappy through life. But these things may be remedied. If the wise man spoke truth, there is a *way in which we should go*, and we may be so *trained* as to walk in it when we are *young*, and prefer it when *we* are *old*.

"It has, my son, since you were given me, been the great aim of my life to educate you in such habits and principles as I believe will ensure your present and final felicity. When I speak of what I have done, it is with a humble acknowledgment of the mercy and goodness of God, who has sup-

ported and blessed me; and I would impress it on your heart, that heaven's blessing will descend on every one who seeks it with patience and with prayer. But I did not always have these views. I was not educated as you have been; and it is for the purpose of explaining to you the motives which have governed my conduct towards you, that I shall enter into a recital of some incidents, which you may know as facts, but of their consequences you are not aware.

"My father, as you have often heard, left a handsome fortune to each of his ten children, but as he acquired his property late in life, by lucky speculations, we were none of us subjected to the temptations of luxury in our childhood. We were all educated to be industrious and prudent, and an uncommon share of these virtues had, as the eldest, been inculcated on me. So that when, in addition to my well-won thrift, the share I received from my father's estate made me a rich man, I felt no disposition to enjoy it in any other mode than to increase it. I did not mean to drudge always in the service of mammon; but I thought I must wait till I was somewhat advanced, before I could retire and live honourably without exertion; but, in the meantime, I would heap pleasures on my family.

"Your mother was a lovely, amiable woman,

whom I had married from affection, and raised to affluence; and she thought, out of gratitude to me, she must be happy as I chose. The only path of felicity before us, seemed that of fashion; and so we plunged into all the gaieties of our gay city; and for eight or ten years we lived a life of constant bustle, excitement, show, and apparent mirth. Yet, Arthur, I declare to you, I was never satisfied with myself,—never contented during the whole time. I do not say I was wretched—that would be too strong an expression—but I was restless. The excitements of pleasure stimulate; they never satisfy. And then there was a constant succession of disagreements, rivalries, and slanders, arising from trifling things; but those whose great business it was to regulate fashionable society, contrived to make great matters out of these mole-hills. Your mother was a sweet-tempered woman, forbearing and forgiving, as a true woman should be; but, nevertheless, she used sometimes to be involved in these bickerings, and then what scenes of accusation and explanation must be endured before the matter could be finally settled, and harmony restored! and what precious time was wasted on questions of etiquette, which, after all, made no individual better, wiser, or happier.

"We lived thus nearly ten years, and might have

dreamed away our lives in this round of trifling, had not heaven awakened us by a stroke, severe indeed, but I trust salutary. We had, as you know, Arthur, three children, a son and two daughters. Fashion had never absorbed our souls, so as to overpower natural affection. We did love our children most dearly, and every advantage money could purchase had been lavished upon them. They were fair flowers, but owing to the delicacy of their rearing, very frail. One after the other sickened; the croup was fatal to our little Mary; the measles and the scarlet fever destroyed the others. In six months they were all at peace.

"Never, never can the feeling of desolation I then experienced be effaced from my heart. A house of mourning had no attraction for our fashionable friends. They pitied, but deserted us; the thought of our wealth only made us more miserable; the splendour which surrounded, seemed to mock us.

"'For what purpose,' I frequently asked myself, 'for what purpose had been all my labour? I might heap up, but a stranger would inherit.' My wife was more tranquil, but then her disposition was to be resigned. Still she yielded, I saw, to the gloom of grief, and I feared the consequences. But her mind was differently employed from what I had expected.

"She asked me one day if there was no method in which I could employ my wealth to benefit others.

"I inquired what she meant.

"'I am weary,' said she, 'of this pomp of wealth. It is nothingness; or worse, it is a snare. I feel that our children have been taken from the temptations of the world, which we were drawing around them. There is surely, my husband, some object more worthy the time and hearts of Christians than this pursuit of pleasure.'

"These observations may seem only the commonplace remarks of a saddened spirit; but to me they were words fitly spoken. They opened a communion of sentiment between us, such as we had never before enjoyed. I had often felt the vanity of our fashionable life, but thought my wife was happier for the display, and that it would be cruel for me to deprive her of amusements I could so well afford, and which she so gracefully adorned; and I did not see what better use to make of my riches. But the spell of the world was broken when we began to reason together of its folly, and strengthen each other to resist its enticements.

"Man is *sovereign* of the world; but a virtuous woman is the crown of her husband—and this proverb was doubtless intended to teach us that the highest excellences of the human character, in

either sex, are attainable only by the aid of each other.

"I could fill a volume with our conversations on these subjects; but the result is the most important: we resolved to make the aim of doing good the governing principle of our lives and conduct.

"And these resolutions, by the blessing of God, we were enabled in a measure to fulfil. Our fashionable friends ascribed the alteration in our habits and manners to melancholy for the loss of our children; but it was a course entered on with the firm conviction of its superior advantages, both of improvement and happiness. We realized more than we anticipated. There is a delight in the exertion of our benevolent faculties which seems nearly allied to the joy of the angels in heaven—for these are ministering spirits; and this felicity the rich may command.

"In a few years after we had entered on our new mode of life, you, my son, were bestowed to crown our blessings. We felt that the precious trust was a trial of our faith. To have an heir to our fortune was a temptation to selfishness; to have an heir to our name was a chord to draw us again into the vortex of the world. But we did not look back. We resolved to train you to enjoy active habits, and benevolent pleasures. It was for this purpose I used to take you, when a little child, with me to visit the

poor, permitting you to give the money you had earned of me by some feats of strength or dexterity, to those you thought needed it. And when you grew larger, you recollect, probably, how steadily you would work in the shop, with your little tools, finishing tiny boxes, &c. that your mother or I paid you for, at stated prices, which money you appropriated to the support of the poor families in —— street. By these means we gave you a motive for exertions which improved your health, and made you happy; and we gave you, also, an opportunity of taking thought for others, and enjoying the pleasure of relieving the destitute. The love for our fellow-beings, like all other feelings, must be formed by the wish, and improved by the habit of doing them good. We never paid you for mental efforts, or moral virtues, because we thought these should find their reward in the pleasure improvement communicated to your own heart and mind, aided by our caresses and commendations, which testified the pleasure your conduct gave us.

"Thus you see, my son, that in all the restrictions we imposed, and indulgences we permitted, it was our grand object to make you a good, intelligent, useful and happy man. We endeavoured to make wisdom's ways those of pleasantness to you; and I feel confident that the course your parents have

marked, will be followed by you, so far as your conscience and reason shall approve.

"You will find yourself what the world calls rich. To human calculation, had I rigidly sought my own interest in all my business, I should have left you a much larger fortune. But who knows that the blessing which has crowned all my enterprises would not have been withdrawn, had such selfish policy governed me? I thank my Saviour that I was inspired with a wish to serve my fellow men. And my greatest regret now arises from the reflection, that with such means I have done so little good. Endeavour, my son, to exceed your father in righteousness. The earth is the Lord's—consider yourself only as the steward over the portion he has assigned you. Enter into business, not to add to your stores of wealth, but as the best means of making that wealth useful to the cause of human improvement. And let the honourable acquisition and the generous distribution go on together. The man, whose heart of marble must be smote by the rod of death, before a stream of charity can gush forth, deserves little respect from the living. *To give what we can no longer enjoy,* is not charity —that heavenly virtue is only practised by those who *enjoy what they give.*

"I do not undervalue charitable bequests. These may be of great public utility; and when they har-

monize with the example of the testators, they deserve grateful acknowledgment and everlasting remembrance. But I cannot commend, as a model, the character of a man who has been exclusively devoted all his life to amassing property, because he acquires the means of leaving a large charitable donation at his decease. This seems to be making virtue a penance, rather than a pleasure.

"I wish you, my son, to frame for yourself a system of conduct, founded on the rational as well as religious principle, of doing to others as you would they should do to you; and then your life, as well as death, will be a public blessing. Another great advantage will be, you can hold on your consistent, christian course, to the end. You need never retire from business, in order to enjoy yourself. But I must shorten what I would wish to say, were my own strength greater, or my confidence in your character less firm. There is one other subject to which I must refer.

"Your dear mother, as you well know, adopted Ellen Gray, and intended to educate the girl, in every respect, like a child. After your mother's death, I placed the child under the care of Mrs. C., where she has ever since remained. You know but little of Ellen, for you entered college soon after she came to our house, and have been mostly absent since; but when you return, it will be ne-

cessary you should, as her guardian, and the only friend she has a claim upon, become acquainted with her. She is now at the winning age of sixteen—a very lovely being in person and disposition; one that I should be proud to call *my daughter.*

"Her mother was the dear friend of your mother, and that circumstance, which first induced us to take the orphan, joined with her own sweetness and affectionate gratitude, has deeply endeared her to me. And now, when I am gone, she will feel her loneliness, for she has no relative; you will have a delicate part to act as the son of her benefactor, and the person whom, in the singleness and simplicity of her pure heart, she will think she has a right to confide in, to preserve that just measure of kindness and dignity which will satisfy her you are her friend, and make the world understand you intend never to be more. I have secured her an independence, and provided that she shall remain, for the present, with Mrs. C. May the Father of the Orphan guard her and bless her! She loved your mother, Arthur, and for that you must be to her a brother.

"And now, my son—farewell! I feel my hour has nearly come, and I am ready and willing to depart. My last days have been, by the blessing of the Almighty, made my best. I have *lived* to the last,

and been able to accomplish most of the plans which lay nearest my heart. Do not grieve that I am at rest; but arouse all your energies for the work that is before you. In a country and age distinguished by such mighty privileges, it requires warm hearts, and strong minds, and liberal hands to devise, and dare, and do. May God preserve, strengthen and bless you.

"Your affectionate father,

"J. LLOYD."

I am glad, thought Arthur, as he wiped away his tears, after reading the letter for the third time in the course of the day—I am glad my father has left me perfectly free respecting Ellen. Had he expressed a wish that I should marry her, it would have been to me sacred as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Yet I might have felt it a fetter on my free will—and so capricious is fancy, I should not, probably, have loved the girl as I now hope to love her, that is, if she will love me—as a brother.

CHAPTER II.

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"It seems strange our children should be so perverse; we have always given them good counsel," said a lady, whose darling son had just been sent to sea, as the last scheme parental anxiety could devise for his reformation.

Good counsel is a very good thing, doubtless; but to make it effectual, we must convince our children that goodness is pleasure. I once saw a lady punishing her little son for playing on the Sabbath. The boy sat sobbing and sulky, and his mother, whose heart melted at his tears, while her sense of duty forbade her to indulge him, turned to me and said: "The Sabbath is a most trying day; I can keep it myself, though it is dull; but my children have nothing to occupy their minds, and they will be in mischief. I am always glad when the Sabbath is over." The children looked up very pleasantly at this, and probably thought their mother hated the Sabbath as truly as they did; and they

might reason it would be a pleasure to her if there were no Sabbath.

The elder Mr. Lloyd managed things better. He maintained that children were inclined to good, or tempted to evil, by the influences of their education; that the fear of losing a pleasure operated more forcibly on their hearts than the fear of incurring a punishment; and, consequently, that we must make the way in which we would have them go seem so pleasant by our own gladness while treading it, that they may be inclined to follow, as from choice. "It is a poor compliment to virtue, if her votaries must be always sad," he would say, "and the *peace and good will*, which the gospel was given expressly to diffuse over the earth, should make men gloomy and children miserable."—What he commended he practised. In forming the character of Arthur, he was careful to make him distinguish between the happiness which in his own heart he enjoyed, and that which others might flatter him with possessing.

"The reason why so many are blind to their best interests," Mr. Lloyd would say, "is because they will trust to their neighbours' eyes rather than their own. I intend Arthur shall see for himself. Had Bonaparte done what his own heart approved, he would have preserved freedom and the republic; but he wanted the world should flat-

ter him, that posterity should honour him, and so he violated his integrity of purpose, and grasped a crown that proved but a shadow."

It would be very gratifying to me to describe particularly the manner of Arthur Lloyd's domestic education, the means which were employed to draw forth his powers, ascertain his peculiar talents, and exercise and direct these as they were developed. But it is now my purpose rather to display effects than trace causes. Yet one thing must be noted—his father's great aim was to cultivate the reason and judgment of his son. Mathematics, and natural history, and philosophy, had been made to occupy a prominent place in his studies. "The pleasures these pursuits confer," Mr. Lloyd would wisely remark, "cannot be enjoyed without self-exertion. Any man who has money may obtain the reputation of taste by the mere purchasing of works of art, while his own mind is as inert as the canvas or statue on which he gazes with so much seeming admiration. But he who would gain credit for understanding mathematical sciences, or natural philosophy, must deserve it by patient toil and persevering industry. Now this thirst for knowledge, which must be won by personal exertion, is the talisman which will effectually secure the rich man from the torment of ennui; and if with this knowledge be united the disposition to make his

talents and means of doing good serviceable to the world, his own happiness is secure as that derived from earthly objects can be."

So thought the father, and so he trained his son to think.

"I did not expect to find you thus deeply at work," said George Willet, a classmate, who had called on Arthur shortly after he was settled in his home. "Why, the arrangement of all these minerals, and shells, and insects, must be an endless task? If I had as much money as you, I would purchase my cabinets ready furnished."

"So would I, if all I wanted was to exhibit them," replied Arthur.

"And what more important purpose do you intend these shall serve?"

"I intend they shall contribute to my own gratification and improvement," said Arthur. "There is hardly a specimen here but has its history, which awakens some pleasant association of heart, memory or mind. Some were presented by men I honour, and some by friends I love. This curious shell was the gift of a lady, on my last birth-day; and the benignant wishes that accompanied, made me, I trust, a better man; or, at least, they inspired me with new resolutions to deserve her commendations. These petrifactions and fossils are a memento of many delightful hours I have

spent with some of the noble French naturalists and philosophers. That *beetle*—I could tell you a long story about it—the time I spent in watching its habits, the pains I took to assure myself it was a nondescript, and the pleasure I enjoyed when the great Cuvier complimented me for my patience and research—but I fear you would think this all nonsense."

"It is not what I should go to Paris to learn," returned the other. "But then I must think of my profession; a physician is the slave of the public. You can use your time as you please, and are not compelled to coin it into money in order to live."

"No, but I have had as hard a lesson, perhaps; I have had to learn that money will not buy happiness, and that he who is not compelled to labour for food, must labour for an appetite, which in the end amounts to about the same thing."

"You were always stoically inclined, Arthur; but a young man, with half a million at command, will find it rather difficult to act the philosopher. The world has a powerful current, and fashion a sweeping breeze."

"They will not move me from my course, George: that is fixed, and, with heaven's blessing, I will hold on my way. My father's example is my chart, and the Christian rule my compass."

"You think so now. Well, we shall see. Your

father was a good man and a happy one, and that is much in your favour. Had you witnessed, as I have done, the weary, monotonous, heartless, wretched life many who call themselves good undergo, and, what is worse, inflict on others, you would not have much inclination for goodness."

"Your remarks, George, are just. I have known young gentlemen to plunge into dissipation avowedly to shake off the restraints of morality which had been imposed in a manner so galling. And I have known others hold business in abhorrence, only because the selfish, slavish life their fathers had led, made application seem a drudgery. I trust I have more rational views—thanks to my good parents."

No man should say he will be always wise. Who would guess that Arthur, so calm, rational, and discriminating, would have fallen in love with a coquette! But this he did, notwithstanding the *penchant* he intended to cultivate for the pretty Ellen Gray. My lady readers probably thought she was predestined to be his wife, and I should have been glad to have described the tender and tranquil loves of two beings who seemed so congenial. But authors cannot control fate.

Arthur Lloyd was, to be sure, deeply interested with Ellen's meek and innocent beauty; and he

was touched to the heart by the unaffected sorrow which any allusion to his parents would excite in her manner, even when she controlled the expression of her grief, which she could not always. And he often thought nothing could be more lovely than her fair face, rather pale perhaps, but then the predominance of the lily seemed to be the effect of purity of mind, not languor of body, when contrasted with the deep mourning habiliments, which he knew were in truth the outward token of that sadness of spirit which she was cherishing for the loss of those who had also been the dearest to him. Could they choose but sympathise? If they did, it was very secretly and silently.

It might be that this necessity for communion was the very cause which prevented Arthur from feeling other than a brother's affection for the sweet girl whose interests he was deputed to defend—and on her part there hardly seemed a sister's confidence yielded to her young guardian. —A guardian! who ever read of a lady falling in love with her guardian? The impossibility of the circumstance seemed fully understood and acted upon by the belles of New York, who were sedulous to attract the attention of such a fine man as Arthur Lloyd. But he was not disposed to mingle much in society, and during the winter which succeeded his father's death, he was almost wholly

engrossed with his business, and various plans for promoting public education, and elevating the character of our national literature. This was the favourite object to which he resolved to devote his energies and his resources. He was persuaded that a republican people must derive their chief happiness and their highest honours from intellectual pursuits, if they intend their institutions shall be permanent. The glories of conquest and the luxuries of wealth alike tend to make the few masters, and the many slaves; but if the mild light of science and literature be the guide of a people, all will move onward together, for the impulse of knowledge has an attractive force that elevates, proportionally, every mind over which its influence can be extended.

Such were Arthur Lloyd's sentiments; and it would have been strange if he had not felt a deep respect for the character of the Puritans, and a wish to cultivate an acquaintance with New England people, who, whatever be their faults, have rarely sinned through ignorance.

So Arthur visited Boston during the summer of 18—, and received, from the elevés of society, all that courtesy and hospitality which a rich stranger is sure to elicit. He could hardly be termed a stranger, however, for his father had many commercial friends in Boston, and they cordially

transferred their favour to the son. Every thing was calculated to make Arthur think highly of the people; the tone of intelligent and liberal feeling appeared the result of liberality, which had laid the foundation of popular instruction, and young Lloyd became every day more satisfied of the truth of his favourite theory—namely—educate all the children and you will reform all the world. A man is never more self satisfied than when he is confirming a favourite theory.

Among the multitude of friends and flatterers that surrounded Arthur, none charmed him so completely as the Hon. Mr. Markley and family. The gentleman was himself very eloquent, his lady very elegant, and their daughters exceedingly fascinating. They all exerted their talents to please Arthur,—it was no more than he merited—a stranger and a guest, and so handsome, and intelligent, and agreeable! Who thought he was worth half a million? not the Markleys, for they were never heard to speak of a selfish sentiment except to condemn it. Arthur thought he never met with a more disinterested family.

Arabella Markley was a most captivating creature, and she soon contrived to make Arthur sensible of it; and he found, to his mortification, that he had not so fully and firmly the mastery of his own mind as he had flattered himself with possess-

ing. Love exhibits much the same symptoms in the wise as the weak; and Arthur, when beside Arabella, forgot there was for him any higher object in this world than to please a woman. But sometimes, in the solitude of his chamber, other thoughts would arise; he could not but see that the Markleys were devoted to fashion and gaiety, though Arabella had assured him she did not enjoy the bustle, but that excitement was necessary for her father's spirits and health.

If she makes this sacrifice for her father, thought Arthur, how gladly will she conform to my quiet domestic plan! Still there was something in the expression of her face, and more in her manner, which denoted a fondness for show and variety; and whenever Arthur wrote to Ellen Gray, which he often did, as he had promised to give her the history of his tour, the contrast between her beauty and that of Arabella always came over his mind. He described Arabella in one of his letters to Ellen, and concluded with observing, "If she had a little more of your tenderness and placidity, in the expression of her eyes, she would be a perfect model of female loveliness, but that would make her too angelic; the arch vivacity of her glance assures her to be human, and susceptible of human sympathies."

Ellen Gray read that passage over and over, but

she never answered the letter, for Arthur returned to New York before she could arrange her thoughts for a reply.

Arthur left Boston without any explanation, as they say, though he had been several times on the point of making the love speech. It seemed as if some spell were restraining him, for Arabella had given him opportunities of seeing her alone, and Mr. and Mrs. Markley had evidently sought to draw him to their parties. Perhaps this solicitude had been one means of deferring the proposals. Lloyd found himself so agreeably entertained, he could hardly wish to be happier. Like the Frenchman who would not marry the lady he admired and visited constantly, because he should have no place to pass his evenings, Arthur Lloyd might have been fearful that *certainty* would have made his visits, which were hailed as favours, appear only events of course. Young gentlemen have thus reasoned.

Arabella was sadly disappointed, for she had really acted her part most admirably, and she expected to succeed. She knew the power of her charms, and, fond of flattery as she was, had resolved such unsubstantial coin should never gain her hand. A coquette by nature and habit, she had managed to draw many distinguished beaux in her train, but none, till Arthur had appeared, had

been rich enough to satisfy her ambition. However, he had agreed to correspond, and she knew well how to draw an inference, or frame a remark which would render it necessary for him to explain.

So they parted—both persuaded in their own hearts that they should soon meet, though he did not feel that the choice was one his parents would entirely have approved. But her letters might prove her excellence; he knew the fashionable scenes in which he had chiefly beheld her were not calculated to display the amiable traits of character in a female. And there were several circumstances which occurred to Arthur, as he journeyed homeward, that determined him to be guarded in his letters, at least for a season. And he determined also to consult Ellen Gray on the subject, for he considered her as having a sister's right to his confidence. But Ellen was very ill, he found, and any allusion to the fair lady he had seen in Boston seemed difficult to introduce to one who looked so sad and serious. Nevertheless, he ventured to name the subject once, and Ellen listened calmly to all his praises of Arabella; and to his reiterated request that his *sister*, as he called Ellen, should give him her opinion. She advised him to marry the lady if he loved her, and felt assured she loved him. The last remark was

spoken in a low tone, and Mrs. C., the preceptress, entering at that moment, thought Ellen was too much fatigued for further conversation. And so it proved, for she was seriously ill for several days after, and it was weeks before she was able to see Arthur again.

In the meantime the correspondence between Mr. Lloyd and Arabella commenced with spirit; on his part, rather intended to fathom her principles and taste, than her affections; and on hers, under an appearance of careless vivacity, to ascertain his real intentions respecting her. There is nothing like a little jealousy for expediting love matters, many ladies believe; and Arabella held the creed fully, as her third letter proved. It was filled with the description and praises of an emigrant Frenchman, Count de Verger, who had recently arrived in Boston. His merits could be equalled only by his misfortunes, which had been manifold as those of Ulysses. His courage and constancy had hitherto borne him up, but when he arrived pennyless on the shore of the New World, his mental sufferings were, as Arabella described them, extreme. In Europe, a man was respected for his birth and breeding, and, though he had lost his property, his rank entitled him to consideration. But in our republic, where men were judged by their own merits, not by their father's

title, the unlucky Count de Verger feared that his misfortunes might be imputed as crimes. He would endure poverty, but not contempt. He had once resolved to conceal his rank, and even his name, but his abhorrence of falsehood and hypocrisy enabled him to overcome this false pride; and so he was known for a nobleman, though he modestly disclaimed all intention of endeavouring to support his rank. If he could earn sufficient by his talents and accomplishments to maintain himself, he felt that he should be truly happy. Among his accomplishments was that of playing the harp, with a degree of skill surprising, when it was considered that he had only practised for his own amusement. But he now thought it possible he might make this knowledge of music available, if any of the fair ladies of Boston should feel disposed to take lessons on the harp. His wonderful condescension was no sooner known than there appeared a competition among fashionable ladies who should first secure the services of this amiable and gifted nobleman. His tuition charges were exorbitant, but he was a foreigner, and a Count, and, besides, he had been unfortunate, and republicans must pay liberally for the graces which can only be taught by those who have witnessed the refinements of royal taste, and the magnificence of courts.

These were the items of intelligence Arabella dilated upon, with touching pathos, in her letter to Arthur Lloyd; she was in raptures with the Count de Verger. Such an accomplished scholar! so perfect and gentlemanly. His mind was a constellation of all brilliant qualities; his manners the embodied essence of suavity and elegance! There were but two objections the most fastidious critic could make to his appearance. He squinted a little—but Arabella did not dislike a slight cast of the eye, it rather gave a fascinating effect to a handsome countenance. The other fault was, in her opinion, a perfection. The Count wore mustachios, and our smooth puritan-faced men of business disliked mustachios; but Arabella was glad the ladies had more taste for the picturesque. For her part she should, for the future, make it a *sine qua non* with all gentlemen who aspired to her friendship to cultivate mustachios. It was needless to say she was learning to play the harp; it might more properly be called adoring it. She was never before so engrossed with any pursuit; and she only wished, to complete her felicity, that Mr. Lloyd could become acquainted with her tutor, and witness the proficiency she was making.

"Fudge!" said Arthur, giving audible expression to his thoughts, as he kicked a fallen brand with the petulance of a poet, forgetting there was

poker, tongs, or servants in the world. "Fudge!" —wears mustachios and squints—I'll see the fellow."

Arthur felt disappointed; not so much that Arabella proved a coquette, as that his estimate of the effect of education on the female mind should be found false. He had drawn his conclusion logically: thus, virtuous and intelligent women are sincere and reasonable. New England ladies are virtuous and intelligent: therefore they are sincere and reasonable. And yet here was one who had enjoyed every mental and moral advantage a lady could require to perfect her character, acting the part of an artful coquette; or otherwise she was a silly dupe, for the story of the Count de Verger, Arthur credited no more than the adventures of Baron Munchausen.

He did not write to Arabella to announce his intention of visiting her, fearing the Count might, in that case, retire for a season, and he much wished to see him. So Arthur reached Boston and astonished his friends, who could find no solution for the sudden movement, but that he had learned the danger there was that Miss Markley would be won by the gallant Frenchman; and all the inquiries he made respecting the Count, he had the mortification of finding were regarded as the promptings of a jealous spirit seeking to find mat-

ter of accusation against a rival. Many of the gentlemen whom he addressed on the subject, declared their belief that the professor of the harp was a real Count; his bearing and manner were decidedly noble, and there was a thorough-bred air in his address which distinguished foreigners of high rank, and which our richest and most eminent men, who were always compelled to speak of themselves as plain citizens, and only enjoying equal privileges with the people, never could display.

"I would give fifty thousand," said a young mercantile gentleman, whose father had by careful industry amassed a large fortune, "if I could appear with the ease and elegance of the Count de Verger: I met him the other day at the dinner party of Mr. ——, and I assure you he was the lion of the day. It is no wonder the ladies admire him."

"No, it is no wonder," thought Arthur, "that our ladies despise us for not possessing the manners of slaves, while we men so undervalue and abuse our privilege of being free. If fashion and etiquette are to be considered the most important objects of pursuit among those who assume the first place in our society, we shall always be inferior to the nations where the distinctions of rank and descent of property are so established, that

fashion and etiquette can have trained subjects and established laws. We republicans must have our standard of respectability founded on moral worth, usefulness and intelligence, or the discrepancy between our institutions and manners will make us ridiculous in the eyes of other nations, and contemptible in that of our own. But I will see this Count, and if he prove to be my old valet"—— compressing his lips as if to prevent the expression of a hasty resolve, he bent his steps to the dwelling of Mr. Markley.

It was in the morning, and too early for a fashionable call, but Arthur had learned that the Count de Verger gave lessons to Miss Markley at half past ten; and that the young lady frequently admitted her particular friends to congratulate her respecting the astonishing progress she made on the harp. Mr. Lloyd was known to the servants as a favourite visitor, and found no difficulty in being admitted, and ushered familiarly into the parlour where Arabella was practising. There were two ladies, her intimate friends, and one gentleman present. Neither Arabella nor the Count noticed the entrance of Mr. Lloyd, and he stood for several minutes regarding them. Arabella was playing with enthusiasm; it was evident she was charmed with her own performance; and her noble teacher sat beside her, the music book

open in his hand, his small keen eyes cast partly upward in admiration; but as his glance could rest on the face of his fair pupil, it was not certain whether her beauty or her music caused his raptures.

"Martin," said Mr. Lloyd, in a deep, commanding tone.

The Count started to his feet, every nerve agitated, as though he had received a shock from a galvanic battery.

"Jean Martin—how came you here?" continued Lloyd, sternly.

"I—I am not here—that is your mistake—I am the Count de Verger." Lloyd walked closely up to the imposter. "Villain, let me hear no more of your falsehoods; away, instantly, or you shall answer for your crimes."

The accomplished nobleman obeyed the order promptly as it was given, bolting from the apartment without the ceremony of a single bow. There was blank silence for a moment, when Arabella indignantly inquired the reason of such a proceeding in her father's house, and without her father's knowledge.

"Pardon me, Miss Markley," said Arthur; "I am aware my conduct requires explanation. That fellow was my valet. I hired him in Paris; shrewd, ingenious and attentive, he won my confi-

dence, and for many months I treated him more like a friend than servant. He accompanied me to Germany, and there found means to rob me of a considerable sum of money, besides a casket of jewellery I had in my charge, belonging to a banker of Paris, and for which I was responsible. Martin escaped, and I had no idea of ever meeting him again, till your eloquent description of the Count de Verger awakened my suspicions. I came here, therefore, unceremoniously, for which I again beg pardon, but trust you and your father will not regret the imposter is detected and exposed."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Lloyd. This gentleman is a real Count, I have seen his coat of arms, and seals and rings."

Just then Mr. Markley entered; the whole affair was detailed, and Lloyd produced an order which had been granted by the Austrian government, for the apprehension of Jean Martin for the robbery; the paper contained a particular description of his person, and all, except Arabella, were convinced of the identity of the cidevant valet and the elegant Count de Verger.

"It is impossible a person so exquisitely skilled in music, and every accomplishment, can be of base extraction and character," sighed Arabella.

"You fancied him noble, and invested him with

all rare qualities. It is true, he has some skill in music, but he played vastly better for his title, than though you had heard him as my valet."

The lady tossed her head scornfully, taking care at the same time to wreathe her features in a very sweet smile—the scorn was intended for Martin, the smile for Lloyd; and then she requested the latter to tell her all the particulars, saying that she felt under the greatest obligations for the care he had shown to detect an imposition which she could never have suspected, and in which the whole town participated. Arthur might have complied with her request; he might even have forgiven her taking lessons of his valet, and honouring him as a nobleman, for he was aware that other ladies had been deceived by Martin, and that his own sex had favoured the imposter, because he pretended to a title; but as she extended her hand in token of amity, his eye caught a brilliant on her finger; he knew it was one of the banker's jewels.

"That was the gift of Martin," said he.

"Of the Count de Verger," she stammered.

Arthur bade her good morning. The next day he left Boston, but not before he had learned that the Count had decamped, leaving his landlord's bill, and sundry loans of money from honourable men undischarged.

"It will learn me wisdom, I hope," said one gentleman. "I will never again lend money to the Count, when I would not trust it to the man."

Arthur Lloyd was blamed by some prudent people, for the abruptness of his proceedings in the affair, as it severely wounded the feelings of the Markleys. Arabella did not recover from this shock till after she learned that Mr. Lloyd had wedded the pretty Ellen Gray, when she sent him a congratulating letter, which ended their correspondence.

I wish I could describe the course Arthur Lloyd is now pursuing, without incurring the charge of personality. There are so few like him, that the picture would be instantly recognized. But I can repeat two of his favourite maxims.

The first—"We must educate our sons to consider the title of *Republican* a prouder boast than the highest order of nobility that implies subjection, and requires homage to a mortal."

Second—"We must train our daughters to respect talent in a man more than money, and a character for usefulness more than a showy exterior; to consider their countrymen superior to the men of every other nation in the world; and mental and moral worth a passport to the best society."

THE CATHOLIC CONVERT.

"Wilt thou then forget,
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together?—and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, worshipped thee
With warmer love?"

Mr. Theophilus Redfield, and his wife Susanna, were a couple that, judging by ordinary occurrences, such as those in which steam and enthusiasm have no agency, seemed as unlikely to figure on the pages of a book, as in the east room at Washington. They were, in their own sphere, a pattern couple: prudent, pious and prosperous, gathering the maxims that guided their temporal course from the economies of Franklin, and their summary of religious faith from the Westminster Catechism.

Let no one understand me as speaking lightly of that Catechism. It was framed by good men, and doubtless with the best intentions. But there can be no perfect system of faith as expounded by men; and there should be no creed which requires the human mind to render its unqualified assent

before it has examined and reflected. The works of Nature and the Book of Revelation should be made familiar studies of the young, and they should be encouraged to reason, from what is revealed to their senses and their consciences, of the past, the present and the future; and to form a standard of moral rectitude from the precepts of the Saviour, which, as their own hearts have felt its justice, they cannot violate without the remorse of having done wrong. When men accept a theory on trust, they always have the convenient salvo, that it was not framed to suit their case—that others, acknowledging its injunctions, often disobey them, and that a little extra strictness in one point, will atone for laxity in another. In short, that the creed was framed by those who have an interest in supporting it; and if the evasion can be so managed as to increase the interest, (otherwise the pecuniary profit!) a dereliction will be quietly acquiesced in, if not commended. Mr. Redfield was, probably, under such an impression, when he replied to the observation of a truly benevolent gentleman, who was urging on him the importance of introducing improvements in the schools, libraries, and mental and moral pursuits of the people around him—"that such things must take their chance; that he paid his taxes punctually, which was all that could justly be expected of him."

"But," urged the gentleman, "you are growing rich every year; and we, who hold the faith which teaches us that riches are of no acceptance in the sight of God, but as they are employed in His service, should consider how our charities may be most beneficially dispensed."

"That may be true," returned Mr. Redfield, "but I am persuaded that the most beneficial charity I can perform, is to pay a large tax for the support of the Gospel, and this I cannot do without a large estate to be taxed. Our clergyman told me the other day, that he wished every man in his parish was as able to pay as I was. Does that look like undervaluing property?"

Thus will selfishness always find an excuse, when only governed by the opinions or examples of men. And thus Mr. Redfield and his wife persuaded themselves that, while they kept the Sabbath day with pharisaical strictness, the other six days were their own. They strove for earth and sighed for heaven, and failed of enjoyment in the pursuit of either. I said they were *pious*, and it was not an ironical observation. I believe that they were Christians, that they did in their hearts prize the favour of God above that of the world; but somehow, they had oddly jumbled ideas of heaven and earth, and never could think of "treasures," even in the former, meaning any

thing but money or movables; and for the latter, why their pleasant farm was never considered by them in reference to its beautiful situation and scenery, but only as being worth so much cash.

Did you ever, reader mine, visit Brattleborough, (Vermont)—or see the "View of Brattleborough," a picture by Fisher? If you have done neither, you can hardly conceive of the peculiar beauties of this pretty little village, where our story will detain you a full year. It is a most charming summer residence; its romantically rural aspect, on the banks of the soft-flowing Connecticut, which seems breathing freshness and verdure on the undulating hills around, and on the living green of the full foliaged trees, till the landscape is a paradise of dewy coolness, shady arbours, fountains, fragrance, and all other felicities comprised in that expressive word, *comfortable*—in a burning summer's day.

And here, in this pleasant village, lived, or rather did live, Mr. Theophilus Redfield. His dwelling is still there, a neat white house, half hidden among the shrubbery that surrounds the whole front of the buildings, obstructing the full view of the river from the lower windows; but then, there was a most glorious prospect from the second story! Behind the house an upland of green fields stretches far away, and seems to melt into a wild waving wood, that looks as if it were the fitting haunt of

love and contemplation, but not of melancholy musings.

Melancholy has few temples in our young country. Her worshippers must commune with the fallen column, the ivied tower and the desolate city: we happily have none of these. Certainly Mr. Redfield and his industrious wife would have been sorely offended had any person called their domicile melancholy—but after the occurrence I am about to relate, they might have confessed it was a little romantic, or at least that a strange circumstance had come to pass there.

It was in the month of October, 18—, and about nine o'clock in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Redfield were sitting *tête-à-tête* before a bright fire in their winter parlour, for the autumn was a very cold one, and in fact Mrs. Redfield considered winter as already begun. She was busy with her needle, preparing "clothing for her household," for in all the excellencies of industry she might have boldly claimed the premium from Solomon, had he instituted prizes for such proofs of wisdom in ladies. Nor did her work wholly engross her mind: she was delivering a household harangue, which, in its style, imitated very closely some of our distinguished poets, being, like their rhymes, diffusive and digressive, a bundle of words concealing the ideas, if any there were, as effectually as the cover-

ing of the cocoa-nut conceals the kernel. Mr. Redfield, good man, was a silent if not attentive auditor, as, reclining in his chair, he allowed his better half to speak unmolested, till her lecture was suddenly brought to a close by a violent rapping, as with a heavy stick, on the front door.

"What's the matter now—somebody dying!" ejaculated Mr. Redfield, as he hastily started to open the door. It was not locked, nor did a thought of robbers enter into the mind of the peaceful farmer; for never had an outrage of any kind disturbed the people of that peaceful village since the red men had passed away;—but now, when, on opening the door, he saw a tall man, a stranger, habited in black, with a black handkerchief drawn up nearly to his temples, his hat pulled over his forehead, till nothing of his face was visible, save a nose of such formidable dimensions as to bid defiance to concealment, and a pair of keen gray eyes, deep set beneath coal-black heavy eyebrows, he felt that kind of sensation, and gave that start, which in a woman would have indicated fear, but in a man could have been nothing but surprise.

Mr. Redfield had the light in his hand: he stepped back one step, probably to prevent it from being extinguished by the wind, that was at intervals coming in hollow and sweeping gusts. The stranger had a heavy walking-cane in one hand; with

the other he put aside the handkerchief from his mouth; but Mr. Redfield remarked that he kept his face concealed by his hand, while the following conversation was going on:

"You are the owner of this estate, I presume," said the stranger, speaking in an abrupt, harsh tone.

"I call it mine."

"If it is not yours in reality, I suppose you reside here."

"Yes, yes—I and my family."

"And your name is?"——

"Redfield, sir—Theophilus Redfield."

"Shall you reside here another twelvemonth?"

"Shall I?—I guess so—unless I sell the place, and there is no sort of likelihood of that."

"Well, sir, I wish to know if you will take a boarder?"

"Why, as to that, sir, I cannot say. We never have taken any but the schoolmaster, and one or two young ministers, that is, students of divinity, and whether my wife"——The stranger showed his impatience by his gestures, and Mr. Redfield hurried to the conclusion with a rapidity he never before used in a colloquy where a bargain was depending, and declined taking boarders.

At this juncture Mrs. Redfield appeared beside her husband. She had heard the conversation, and regretted the decision, as she thought, by taking

boarders, she might obtain the handling of more money than fell to her lot in the general management of affairs out of the house; she came, therefore, to make inquiries respecting terms, &c., hoping that her husband would finally be persuaded to accept them, if favourable—but when she saw the dark stranger, she was not in a hurry to address him. She afterwards declared that there was something very frightful in his appearance, though she did not exactly know what. But he felt no such embarrassment at her presence. The female character usually inspires confidence in a petitioner, and in this instance it operated irresistibly on the stranger. He was turning haughtily away, when Mr. Redfield concluded his refusal, as though he despised entreaty; but now he addressed the lady, and his voice was milder, as he inquired if she had any objection to the taking of a young girl and a little child into her family, for whose accommodations she should be richly paid.

"A child! Pray, how old is it?" she inquired.

"About three years. And to obviate the need of all further questions, I will state my wishes. I want you should furnish two apartments, a parlour and sleeping-room—both on the second floor—for the young lady and the child; you must serve their meals in their own room; you must give them all necessary attendance, such as you would bestow

were they your own children; and you must ask them no questions; such as where they come from? who they are? &c. &c., after the usual manner of the Yankees;—you must promise, on your hopes of salvation, to do all that I have stated, and I will pay you five hundred dollars for the year's board."

"Pay it!—when?" eagerly demanded Mr. Redfield.

"Now—to-night—as soon as you have agreed to my proposal, and received the young lady into your house."

The husband and wife looked at each other. There was wonder, perplexity, and a shade of distrust on both their countenances; but it gradually yielded to an expression of satisfaction, as the thought of the money overpowered all other feelings. They agreed to receive the boarders. The stranger left them, saying he would return by twelve, and that the apartments must then be ready for the young lady.

Had I leisure and skill to be as minute in the analization of motives, and the delineation of feelings, as the author of "Cloudesly," it would here be an excellent opportunity to portray the workings of those universal passions—curiosity and the love of gain—which were agitating the bosoms of the farmer and his wife, while preparing to receive their lodgers. Mr. Redfield said but little;

men are cautious of expressing their thoughts on a doubtful subject—they must reason and reflect awhile; but women (thanks to their intuitive genius) find no such process of ratiocination necessary. Mrs. Redfield understood the whole matter. The gentleman ("gentleman" she called him, though she felt in her heart that he looked like a ruffian; but then he was rich, or how could he afford to pay so much for the board?) had relinquished house-keeping; probably he came from New York or Boston, where board was expensive, and probably he was himself going to Europe, and these were his children, that he thought best to leave in the country. "It cannot be his wife," said she, "for he called her a girl; but when I see her I can judge better what she is."

Twelve o'clock came, and punctual to the moment came the stranger, in a close carriage, and alighting, and taking the child from the arms of the female, he very assiduously helped her from the carriage, and led her into the entry;—pausing there, he demanded, in no very pleasant tone, to be shown up stairs.

"Had you not better walk into the parlour, and let the young lady warm her—we have the best fire here"—said Mrs. Redfield.

"She will be best in her own apartment," he drily answered.

Mr. Redfield lighted them up stairs, and as they entered the chamber, began some excuses about the room, naming other articles of furniture which they *calculated* to procure.

The stranger did not appear to heed him; but, taking the light, very deliberately inspected the chambers, and then told Mr. Redfield that he would soon descend and settle the whole business. Mr. Redfield had no reasons to offer why he should stay longer, and so he complied with the hint, though he felt quite curious to catch a glimpse of the lady's face before he went; but this he could not do, as she kept her veil closely drawn about it.

It was a full hour before the stranger descended, and that interim seemed to the good people almost beyond endurance. For once in their lives they were in that excited state of curiosity which novel-readers find so delightful; and, moreover, they felt themselves actors in the scene. Never had the god of sleep a more regular worshipper than Mr. Redfield had always been; and to be wide awake at one o'clock in the morning, was a phenomenon which had never before occurred since his marriage. What power the mind, when roused to activity, has over the senses!—and what a slothful life those live who are always fettered by cares for the body!

When the stranger made his appearance, it was only to pay the money, and present a list of such articles as he deemed necessary to complete the furnishing of the apartments. While Mr. Redfield was looking over the money and the list, his wife sought to scrutinize the stranger; but his glance met hers with so haughty and almost contemptuous an expression, that she, wishing to have an excuse for leaving the room, inquired if the young lady would want any thing. The answer was a cold negative; and so she took up her knitting-work to hide the confusion she could not but feel at the strange manners of her guest.

When Mr. Redfield had completed his examination, he inquired if he should not write a receipt for the money, and also give a written promise of the manner in which it was to be cancelled.

"No," replied the stranger, "no. I have not placed this confidence in your integrity without closely inquiring your character. From all I can gather, I believe you will be faithful to an engagement which appeals to your conscience, to your good faith; yet should I take a bond, you might, in the way of trade, consider it fair to take every advantage possible. But now, when I treat you with the confidence of a Christian, you will not fail in doing as you would be done by. Take

good care of these children—in one year you shall hear from me again. Should either of them be dangerously ill, this paper may be opened, but not till the physician gives them over. Of course you will employ the best physician, and he shall be paid." He handed a sealed packet to Mr. Redfield, and then turned to his wife, and spoke a few words, earnestly commending the children to her maternal protection; and she always declared "his voice was tender then, and she was quite sure she saw a tear in his eye, and she felt convinced he might be a good man after all." So certainly does the genuine appearance of affectionate feelings convince us that the heart which cherishes them cannot be all evil.

The stranger was leaving the room. "One question I must ask," said Mrs. Redfield; "the names"——

"Mary and George," he hastily said, anticipating her inquiry. "And now, madam, you have all the knowledge necessary to this subject. You have voluntarily and solemnly bound yourselves to the fulfilment of certain duties—these I shall require of you; and you are also bound to restrain your curiosity; beware that you do not violate your promise.—Farewell."

That was an eventful night to Mr. and Mrs. Redfield; they had many strange thoughts, and

characteristic ones too—the man thinking of the money, the woman of the mystery; he anxious about the trust he had undertaken, and she anxious to see the children. It was a very long night to them both, but morning came at last, and soon found Mrs. Redfield in the apartments of her charge. What she said to those young adventurers, and how she examined every thing about them, and how she endeavoured to find out whether the tears of Mary (which, in spite of her efforts to restrain, were filling her large dark eyes, till their expression was so full of mournful grief that Mrs. Redfield said it made her heart ache to look on the poor thing) were caused by the sorrow of parting from her friends, or by some deep misfortunes, with many other particulars I cannot stop to enumerate. She summed up her report to her husband, which, it must be confessed, was as rambling as any fashionable lecture need be that comprises half the sciences and the whole of modern improvements, by declaring that the girl was the most beautiful creature she had ever set her eyes on, and that the boy was a little darling, almost as handsome as their own Jem."

"How old is the girl?" inquired Mr. Redfield.

"She cannot be more than sixteen. I should not think she was so old as that, only she looks so sober, and behaves so lady-like."

"And what is the age of the boy?"

"O, about three years, I should guess."

"Then she is not the mother of the child?"

"Oh! bless you! no, Mr. Redfield. They must be brother and sister—though they don't look alike either, nor they don't look any like their father."

"Their father!—Do you think the man who left them here was their father!"

"Indeed I do. I saw the father's look in his eye, when he spoke of their being sick. I didn't see his face very plainly, to be sure, but I believe, for all that, I should know him again."

"You say these children do not resemble him?"

"Not in the least—and yet there is something in the face of the young lady that might make one think she is his daughter. Her hair is black as a raven, and you know how black his eyebrows were. He didn't take off his hat, so I cannot tell how his forehead looked; but she has a beautiful forehead, full, and white as alabaster, and when her eyelids droop, it seems as if she was at prayer, and she looks so angel-like that it made me feel a little afraid to gaze upon her—something as I felt last night, when that strange man was talking to us,—and on the whole, I have no doubt but he is her father."

"And the father of the boy, too?"

"Why, yes—they are relations, I know. He kept his arm around her neck all the time I was there, and she kissed him—and they seemed to love each other just as our children do. He is a dear pretty boy; his hair curls all over his head—light brown hair; his eyes are blue as the sky, and his face fair as an apple. I hope he can talk plain."

This visit, I am sorry to say, was not strictly in accordance with the principles of Christian integrity. Mrs. Redfield did long to unravel the mystery, and notwithstanding she had promised to ask no questions, she considered herself at liberty to listen to communications, and sincerely did she hope that the prattle of the little boy would betray the secrets of his family. Every lady who does not read this story deliberately through, but turns to the conclusion to learn the *denouement*, may be pretty certain that she would, under like circumstances, have indulged similar feelings with this inquisitive lady.

However, Mrs. Redfield was grievously disappointed. The boy could not speak a connected sentence, and she often remarked on the disparity of intellect between the sexes in childhood. "Girls," she would say, "know as much at three years of age, as boys do at five; and my little Lucy, who is only fourteen months old, can talk better than George, who is twice her age; and I don't see, for

my part, any reason the men have to think their sex are ever superior in mind to us women. I don't believe any such thing."

But notwithstanding this heresy, she was an excellent wife and mother, and most kindly did she watch over the young strangers committed to her care. It might be, that the indefatigable attention she bestowed on them, was somewhat stimulated by her ardent desire to find out their secret; certain it is, that few of their movements, and none of their peculiarities, escaped her notice.

Mr. Redfield had enjoined it on his wife to be entirely silent respecting the manner in which their boarders had been introduced. "Our neighbours may envy us," said he, "and contrive some way to injure us, if they find we are making money. Keeping these children is a good chance to us; and to secure the blessings of God, we must do our duty to ourselves as well as to others; we must take good care of the children, and take good care to keep our own counsel."

Mrs. Redfield had thus a task to fulfil which might have posed the patience of a Griselda,—she had to stifle her curiosity and restrain her loquacity. But she found, as every lady will, that advantages always result from those trials which are met and borne in the path of our duty:—she reflected more during this time of her trials, than she ever

did before during her whole life. To discover why and wherefore those children were placed under her roof, cost her much study; and that she failed at last, can no more be ascribed to her want of ingenuity in framing her hypothesis, than it can be said Archimedes failed in the construction of his machinery, because he did not actually move the world. The philosopher and the matron both found the same difficulty, namely, in fixing the *whereabout* to begin. But if Mrs. Redfield was perplexed, she was not discouraged, and she continued her observations till she had ascertained one fact positively. Mary, the fair, innocent Mary, was a papist!—These were the proofs: She would never attend meetings; she would not eat meat on Fridays; she had a rosary—and

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore."

And, moreover, though she had a choice collection of books, sent her a few days after she came, probably by her father, yet she spent most of her time reading a few volumes which she kept in a small trunk, and which Mrs. Redfield ascertained she had brought with her. The good lady contrived to get a peep at these, and found a breviary and "Legends of the Saints," comprising the miracles of the most eminent Catholic devotees of both sexes. There were also sermons and homilies, and a volume of

pious poems, all having some allusion to the Catholic faith; besides a number of volumes in French and Italian, which, as Mrs. Redfield could not understand a single word, she thought must be full of all manner of evil things.

"She is certainly a papist, poor thing!" said the matron, in a tone of deep commiseration, as she recounted all these matters to her husband. "She is a papist. What can we do to convince her of the dangers and falsehood of that religion?"

"You must persuade her to come down in the evening and attend our family prayers; I will select such chapters in the Bible as explain the true faith, and I need not say that I shall pray earnestly that she may understand them aright. I suppose she does not know any thing about the Bible, and so her's is wholly the sin of ignorance."

Mrs. Redfield had full confidence in the judgment of her husband; but while she kept the end in view which he recommended, she liked to follow her own fancy in the means of accomplishing it. He had expressed his wish that Mary should be persuaded to attend family duties. Mrs. Redfield did not think it politic to hint such a wish to the lovely sinner; she only strove to coax little George to play with her children, and soon succeeded in making him completely at home in every part of the house; and then he became so fond of

Jem Redfield, a boy about his own age, that Mary requested as a favour, that Mrs. Redfield would permit Jem to join George in the picture lessons which she daily gave him. This request was eagerly complied with, and in a short time all the young Redfields (there were five) became familiar visitants in Mary's apartment, and she instructed them all, showing, to use a favourite expression of their mother's, "that the young lady knew every thing."

This teaching, with which Mary began to amuse the children, and keep them from noisy plays while in her apartment, soon appeared to interest her; and Mrs. Redfield found she grew more cheerful, and became sufficiently engrossed in the progress of her pupils to speak of them and their improvement. George she evidently doted on with an elder sister's fondness; and when she found it made him unhappy to be confined to her room, she would frequently accompany him to the parlour, if no one was there but Mrs. Redfield; and the worthy woman contrived to be alone as much as possible. She found a secret that she was obliged to keep, detracted very much from the pleasures of gossipping, and so she made the pretext of her boarders, the care they required, an excuse for neglecting to visit her neighbours. Thus living secluded, and treating the timid Mary with all the tenderness that policy dictated as the

means of gratifying curiosity, and conscience enforced as the duty of a Christian, the young strangers finally became like children, and Mr. Redfield had the satisfaction of knowing that Mary listened while he read the 13th and 14th chapters of the "Book of Revelation," and poured forth a most animated anathema against the "scarlet-coloured beast," and the "great red dragon!"

From that time he confidently predicted her conversion. Mrs. Redfield was not quite so sanguine—she did not think a girl so young as Mary would be much influenced by the reasonableness of a proposition; she must be led by gentle persuasions, and by those tender appeals that would move her feelings, and thus induce her to examine the grounds of her faith. Mrs. Redfield was conscious of her own incompetence for such a delicate task; and though she acknowledged the superiority of her husband's talents, she could not but see that he was better qualified to make property than proselytes. So to remedy all deficiencies, she concluded to call in an ally—and the tact of the woman was manifest in her choice. This was no other than a young gentleman, Alexander Watson by name, a student of divinity with the clergyman of Brattleborough. Mr. Watson had boarded with Mrs. Redfield, and she thought him, what in truth he was, one of the excellent of the earth.

He had been absent from the village during the winter, but was expected to spend the summer there, and complete his studies. Mrs. Redfield determined to receive him again as a boarder, and by making him a confidant of her fears for the faith of Mary, engage him to use his oratorical powers, which the good woman thought would convince or confound the Pope himself.

There might have been objections to this scheme, had Mrs. Redfield thought proper to have investigated them. But in her great anxiety for the soul of Mary, she forgot there would be any danger from placing her heart, or that of the student, in jeopardy. Yet, as our extremest caution cannot obviate all evil, nor secure all good, it is undoubtedly the best policy, even in a worldly point of view, to have faith that our pure and righteous intentions will be crowned with success. Mrs. Redfield had the consciousness of meaning to do good, and so went forward and onward with the enthusiasm of a reformer and a woman. The result was, that Mr. Alexander Watson became one of the family of the Redfields, and so well co-operated in the plan, that Mary, in a few weeks, seemed to consider him as a brother; and if not her spiritual director, he was the director of her studies, and shared the rambles which she was at first persuaded to take on the account of little

George, but which she soon seemed to enjoy as much as any of the children.

It was wonderful, Mrs. Redfield said, to see how Mary improved. When she first came, she was beautiful to be sure—

> "A violet, by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye!"

but it was the pale unanimated beauty of a statue, rather than the loveliness of youth, health, and innocent happiness. For several weeks after her arrival, she was never seen to smile; and throughout the winter, she would evidently have preferred the deepest solitude; even the care she had bestowed on George had seemed often more an effort of duty than the impulse of inclination. But now she was changed. Spring had come, the scenery was delightful, the children were eager to go abroad, and Mr. Watson was familiar with the pleasant walks, and moreover, was always at leisure, as it seemed to Mary, and ready, and happy to accompany her and the children; and never were the "banks and braes" around Brattleborough more thoroughly examined than during that season. Who could be moping or miserable while thus conversing, as it were, with Nature in her most lovely forms! It was no wonder, though Mrs. Redfield considered it so, that the rose deep-

ened on Mary's cheek, and her eyes were filled with the humid light of joy, and her whole countenance seemed radiant with happiness. She was living in a new world.

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"How beautiful are the works of nature!" said Mary, as she sat on a green bank, arranging the wild flowers which the children had gathered. "How lovely! how perfect! All the skill of man could not avail to tint this little flower—and then to think these plants spring from dry seeds, from dead roots. Oh! it fills my heart with love and gratitude to the good Creator, to look on these lovely flowers!"

"Yes, God is good," replied Mr. Watson, his mild eyes lighting up with a glow of rapture, as he glanced alternately at Mary and her flowers ("herself the fairest flower"). "God is good, and how great are the blessings he bestows on us, in not only giving us this lovely work of his creation in which to study his goodness and mercy, but this dearer, this more precious gift of his Holy Word!" and he drew from his bosom a small and beautifully bound edition of the Scriptures, which he had intended as a gift for Mary. He had carried it several days, watching for a favourable moment to present it, fearing it would be rejected, both as being prohibited to her by her faith, and as offered

by himself. A deep glow overspread his face as he put the sacred volume into her hand. She held it a few moments, mechanically, as it were—then turning it to examine the binding, it opened at the first page, and she saw her own name written, and underneath it, "The gift of a true friend—A. W." She was evidently touched, and Mr. Watson thought, as she bent her head over the page, that he saw a tear fall—but in a moment she overcame her emotion, and looking up with a half smile, said—

"I have not so many friends as to be indifferent to the mementos offered by any one—especially by you, Mr. Watson. Yet you must excuse me—I cannot take this"—and she held the book towards him.

"Mary, it is not on my own account that I beseech your acceptance of this gift—it is for its own precious truths, which your heart is so formed to appreciate and love. Keep it, Mary. O! do not distress me by rejecting it. The same God who decks the lily of the field for our instruction, has given us this holy book, that we may learn our own nature and destiny, and His character, and the duties we owe to Him."

"But God has appointed us teachers," said Mary, timidly—"and should we not be encroaching on their province, if we presumed to read this

blessed book, and judge it by our own weak and dark minds?"

"Not if the words of our Saviour be true, Mary. He commands all his followers to 'Search the Scriptures;' see John v. (and he turned to the chapter and pointed to the verse). And then here, in this fourteenth chapter, he says, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' Then how can it be wrong for any one who loves and honours the Saviour, to read his words?"

"But—but we may not understand his words rightly," said Mary, in a low, troubled voice.

"Then we will pray to the Saviour to enlighten us, my dear friend; and surely He who died that we might live, who has promised that whatsoever we ask in faith shall be granted, will enlighten us. Mary, I will pray that the Saviour may bless your studies of His word—and if there be a sin, let it rest on my head."

"O, no! no!" said Mary, quickly. "If it is sin, the Saviour will surely forgive it—and I have so longed to read the Bible"——She paused, and blushed—and after a few more entreaties from Watson, consented to keep the volume.

How rejoiced was this young Christian hero at the victory he had obtained! He might truly be called a hero, for he had conquered the selfishness of his nature, and thought of his talents and ac-

quirements as being valuable only while employed in doing good to others. A fine-looking, frank-hearted young man he was, just entering the world, with ardent dreams of making the world better—and noble blood never elevates the mind like benevolent feelings.

Such is my hero—then for the heroine, there is the fair, gentle Mary, as artless as a child, and as pure minded as a seraph, with the romantic advantage of being surrounded by a mystery. And these young people are daily together, in scenes as beautiful as ever the pen of St. Pierre portrayed. And who would not weave for them the destiny to "live and love." Yet over such a vale of sunny felicity there must arise the cloud of disappointment; for the summer soon passes, and Mary is expecting a letter that may summon her far away.

It was not till this time that the student comprehended the full danger he had incurred in yielding to Mrs. Redfield's wishes, and becoming an inmate in her family. He found himself too deeply interested in the fate of Mary for his own peace. He felt that she had been happier for their intercourse; that he had enlightened her judgment and improved her taste, and, he hoped, awakened her conscience to the perception of the important truths of the Christian doctrines; at least, he felt assured

that she loved the pure precepts of the Gospel, which they had so often read together; and that her spirit had emerged from the moral darkness in which the superstitions and the mummeries of the Catholic faith had enveloped it. He believed, too, that she felt a sincere gratitude for his attentions; nor did he doubt that she would regret to part with him. But he had never talked of love to her—he had not ventured to give, in any manner, expression to his own feelings—and he did not dare to hope she loved him. From all that he had observed, he concluded her family was rich; he was poor—he had appeared to her in the character of an instructor, and he thought it probable she considered him in the same light she would her father confessor.

After such thoughts had once been admitted, it was impossible for Watson to shake them off; but the more he reflected, the more hopeless appeared his love, and he determined to obtain the mastery over his own feelings, that he might not betray them when obliged to part with Mary. For this purpose he concluded to take a journey, and fixed on the White Hills as the object of his tour. He was an enthusiastic admirer of mountain scenery, and he hoped the grandeur of the mighty hills would lift his heart and thoughts to a nearer and

more sublime communion with Him who had ordained all things in wisdom. He did not communicate his intended journey, for he felt as though Mrs. Redfield hardly deserved his confidence, she had been so much the cause of his present wretchedness—and to tell Mary he must leave her was impossible.

The evening before his intended departure, the family were all gathered in the parlour, admiring the brightness of the full harvest moon; and seldom does it reveal a richer landscape of ripening corn and delicious fruits, than it now shone on around them, when a letter was handed to Mr. Redfield; it contained one for Mary—and she must be prepared to leave Brattleborough in three weeks. Had the announcement been her banishment to Siberia, she could hardly have appeared more terrified and distressed. She looked at Watson; then turned hastily to Mrs. Redfield, and endeavoured to say something of regret at being so hastily called away—but she could not end the sentence, and bursting into tears, she rose to leave the room. The student rose, too, and as he opened the door for her to pass, he almost unconsciously ejaculated, "Dear Mary!" She raised her tearful eyes to his!—and that was all the scene.

Who but true lovers could have interpreted the meaning of that word and glance? It was only to

the heart they spake; but Mr. Watson never thought again of his journey to the White Hills.

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In due time the stranger came again. His appearance was wholly different from his former one. He now travelled in an elegant carriage, attended by two black servants, and his dress and deportment left Mrs. Redfield no longer in doubt as to his honesty or gentility.

"What a ready passport wealth gives its possessor to the good opinions of this world! And what a mercy that it is not as essential for the world that is to come!" These reflections were made by the poor student, as he lay on his sleepless bed, the night after the arrival of the stranger. Watson had not seen him; he had passed the evening in his daughter's apartment, and in a private conference with Mr. Redfield and his wife.

The next morning Watson entered the breakfast-room with a beating heart, hoping, yet almost fearing, to meet Mary. She was not there, but the stranger was; he still preserved his incognito, and so no introduction could take place; but he bowed to Watson as he took his seat opposite. Few words were spoken during the meal; Mrs. Redfield never once attempting to draw a compliment from the stranger, by apologizing for the "poor break-

fast;" while the only puzzle was how to choose among the variety of good things she had served up—she was evidently in awe of her guest. As they rose from the table, the stranger requested that Mr. Watson would accompany him in a walk to the Connecticut, which river he professed to admire extremely. Watson complied, but not with very pleasant feelings, as he thought the stranger had regarded him with a cold and yet scrutinizing survey, during the whole time they had been together. But he went. In about two hours Mrs. Redfield saw them returning, and such a change in Watson's countenance!—"He looked," she said, "as if he had been made a governor!" She was a true republican, and would never use a kingly comparison.

"Well, my good friends," said the stranger, as he seated himself in the parlour, "I am happy to say that it is now in my power to deal frankly with you, and I suppose you would like to know the reasons for what you must have thought my very singular proceedings."

"Yes, indeed we should!" hastily replied Mrs. Redfield, before her husband could speak—"and we should like to know your name, too."

"And the place where you live," said Mr. Redfield.

"And whether these children are yours?" said his wife.

The stranger smiled. "You shall know all, if you will permit me to tell my story."

This was the moment Mrs. Redfield had often anticipated, with the yearning of unappeased curiosity. She had never been able to penetrate the mystery which surrounded her charge; and it is not strange that, in the contracted circle of her thoughts and wishes, she considered the development about to take place, as important as any event which had occurred in the annals of the human race, since the Declaration of American Independence.

How limited is the world in which an individual moves! and what a magnifying power *self* possesses! A solar microscope, that can make a beetle's wing appear as large as the mainsail of a ship, is poor and small, compared with the importance objects assume by coming home to one's own "business and bosom." If you wish to make a man your friend, praise what belongs to him, or only speak of yourself as it were for his gratification, as the stranger told his story.

"I will begin," continued he, "with my name, which is Marshall."

"What is your given name, if I may be so bold?" inquired Mrs. Redfield.

"George, madam."

"Ah! then the boy is yours."

"Certainly—they are both my children."

The impatience of Mrs. Redfield's curiosity was now gratified, and she listened with decent composure while Mr. Marshall continued—

"These children are both mine; but they had different mothers. The mother of Mary died when the infant was but three days old, conjuring me, with her last breath, to place the babe under the care of a particular female friend of her own. I was not myself acquainted with the lady to whom my daughter was to be consigned, but believing my wife was the best judge of the manner in which the child should be reared, and anxious to gratify the last wishes of my beloved Mary, I promised. The arrangement was a wrong one, and I have since bitterly regretted that I did not beseech my dying wife not to deprive me of the dear pledge of our love. I would have taken every care—I would have devoted myself to her education—and then—but no matter—let me tell what did occur, not what might have been accomplished."

"O, never mind how long the story is, we shall be so happy to hear it all," cried Mrs. Redfield.

"But we should want another day, which I cannot now well spare," returned the gentleman. "So allow me to abridge what is not material. I

placed my daughter with the lady my wife recommended—that lady was a bigotted Catholic, and completely did she succeed in instilling her tenets into the heart and soul of my child. In the meantime, to divert that painful sense of deep loneliness which weighed down my spirits, I went to Europe, and travelled on the continent for several years. Soon after my return I married again, and with shame and sorrow I confess that, till my second wife was taken from me, I never paid much attention to the manner in which my daughter had been educated."

"That is the way with you men," said Mrs. Redfield, with a little severity in her countenance, which did not at all improve the expression; "now, a mother never forgets her children."

"True; your affections are more disinterested than ours," said Mr. Marshall; "but you will not censure me harshly when you learn how my thoughtlessness was punished. The lady who had the care of my daughter belonged to a very respectable family; she was herself highly educated, and I felt satisfied that all womanly duties and lady-like accomplishments would be taught my little Mary. Nor, though I knew them to be Catholics, had I felt any fears for her moral training; the lady always appeared so amiable, and in deeds of charity and good works she excelled; and

I then thought that a creed was of very little consequence. On the decease of my second wife, I resolved to take Mary home. I had suffered too severely in the loss of beloved ones, to wish for another of those ties which, in my case, seemed only formed to be broken. Mary was fifteen, and I took her home to be mistress of my house."

"Was the lady who brought her up willing to part with her?" inquired Mrs. Redfield.

"She was not, madam, entirely willing; yet she seemed to pity my sorrows; and, on the whole, to think the plan I had formed a judicious one; and she persuaded Mary to accompany me home. I now believe it was done, by the advice of a Catholic priest, to undermine my faith. They probably calculated that the pious example of my child would influence me; and the priest would have easy access to my house, and might exercise his ghostly care over the education of my infant son. O, these Jesuits! did they employ half the zeal to gain heaven that they do to gain proselytes, what saints they would be! I soon found my daughter was a Catholic—a devotee—for she was by nature all artlessness; and though she had lessons enough in the science of religious *convenance*, and had been taught that all means by which the true faith (the Catholic) could be advanced, were justifiable, yet her pure heart could not be contaminated by

that worst leaven of wickedness which corrupts human nature—hypocrisy. I learned from her own lips and her manner, enough to alarm, almost overwhelm me. Would you believe it possible—my own child had been taught to regard me with horror, as a heretic? and she thought, that to love me was a sin which required absolution; and even trembled and wept with horror and grief, whenever any parental tenderness, on my part, had called forth a return of affectionate confidence on her's. Believe me, my friends, there is nothing which so checks and chills the purest, warmest, holiest emotions of our nature, as religious bigotry and fanaticism; it binds the soul in chains, which rust and canker, till a moral paralysis ensues, and all the natural and innocent feelings of the heart are turned to vile and cruel purposes. If I am severe against bigotry and fanaticism, remember, I speak from experience, from suffering."

"Oh! you need make no apologies here; we know all you say is truth," solemnly responded Mr. Redfield.

"And yet we ought to be very forbearing towards those who are educated in this faith," said Mr. Marshall. "At least we should not blame the Catholic laity. The people are held in delusions—the priests are the deceivers; towards them, I own, I can feel little charity. Had my daughter,

when she first came to me, been wholly separated from the influence of these priests, I think she would soon have been won to love and trust me as her father and friend; and then her mode of worship might not have been attended with any dangerous consequences; but, notwithstanding all my vigilance, I could not prevent her confessor from seeing and advising her; and he used his power over her to frighten and intimidate, till she resolved to enter a convent, and even endeavoured to escape clandestinely from home for that purpose. I did every thing in my power to divert her from this purpose. I persuaded, reasoned, entreated—all was vain. I could not convince her the sacrifice was not her duty. At last I adopted a new expedient. I told her if she would take care of her little brother one year, in the manner I should direct, (as I had business in France, and must be absent all that time,) she should then be at liberty to enter a convent, if she still continued to wish it. After consulting with her spiritual guide, she consented to do what I had proposed. The priest no doubt calculated on being able to keep up his communication with her—but I had determined it should be otherwise."

"Pray, how came you to think of bringing her here?" asked Mrs. Redfield.

"I must answer that question in your own way:

by asking another. Do you recollect a Mr. Burroughs, who was nearly killed by the overturning of the stage in this village, about eighteen months since?"

"Do we remember it?" said Mr. Redfield—"I guess we do, sir. Why, Mr. Burroughs was brought into this very room, and never went out of the house"—

"For three months and three days," eagerly chimed in Mrs. Redfield.

"I know all the circumstances," said Mr. Marshall. "This Burroughs was my most intimate friend, and he did justice to your kindness and hospitality; and the kindness, too, of Mr. Watson."

"I could do but little to alleviate his sufferings," observed Watson, while his cheek crimsoned with evident delight at the praise of Mr. Marshall.

"Oh, but you did a great deal," said Mrs. Redfield, nodding, and smiling significantly. She had already penetrated the secret, and felt she could not do a more politic thing than bear testimony in favour of Watson; and, for once, inclination and interest, truth and tact, alike prompted the eulogy to living merit; and praise, that apparently simple, and yet most difficult and delicate affair on earth to manage discreetly, not excepting advice, was

breathed from the heart, as well as bestowed by the judgment of the good lady, who continued, with an increasing elevation of voice, as she observed the satisfaction of Mr. Marshall—"Yes, Mr. Watson did every thing for the poor wounded gentleman, staying night and day by his bed-side; and I often thought it was more owing to Mr. Watson's care than the doctor's skill, that he recovered at last."

"Mr. Burroughs is fully aware of these obligations, madam; and to convince you how highly he appreciates the kindness he received, and the goodness of heart and mind that prompted such ready and judicious benevolence, I need only say, that it was entirely from his report I was induced to place my children here. I could tell a long story—but it is of no consequence to unveil all my motives. Suffice it to say, that I wished Mary to reside where there was not one breath of popery, and also to be in an entirely new scene, where she would have to reason for herself, and where she might see the world under a different aspect from what it had been presented to her mind. She was bound by a solemn promise not to write to the priest, or her friends, or to communicate in any manner to any person, aught respecting herself or family. You were likewise bound not to ask any questions."

"I do not wonder you made her promise not to write to the priest; but why was there any need of being so secret with us? You did not think we would encourage her in the Catholic faith?" said Mr. Redfield.

"Quite the reverse, sir," said Mr. Marshall, smiling. "I feared you would be too zealous a reformer. You would probably have thought it your duty to argue with Mary on the subject of religion, and I did not think it best to have her young, sensitive mind, filled with the bitterness of controversial theology. Her creed was that of feeling; she had been educated a Catholic; and it requires something more powerful than arguments or advice to overcome the prepossessions of our childhood. I knew, in short, that her feelings must, by some means, become interested for Protestants; that she must become attached to individuals of this religion, and see that they were true worshippers of her God and Saviour, before she would ever allow it possible that they might be Christians. I made it for your interest to treat her kindly; and I trusted, from the representations of Mr. Burroughs, (and, indeed, I know it to be the character of New Englanders,) that when no pecuniary temptation operated to check your good feelings, or warp your principles from the straight line of duty, that there would be no lack of those

tender, domestic attentions, which my children so particularly needed."

"But why did you appear so mysterious, if I may be so bold?" inquired Mrs. Redfield.

"Because I could more forcibly appeal to your consciences. Pardon me, madam, when I say I would rather trust to your sense of religious duty, or to your charity, than to your——honesty in fulfilling a bargain. Our maxims of trade are dangerous clogs on morality. I once heard it gravely asserted, by a professor of your faith, that men should have a business conscience and a religious conscience; and I know that good men are very prone to do and say that, *in the way of trade*, which, were they not accustomed to think all is fair which is not discovered to be a cheat, they would revolt from as a heinous sin. Instead of doing as they would be done by, Christians, even high-toned Christians, adhere to the maxim, that, in the *way of trade*, every man must take care of himself. So you see," he continued, with a smile, "that in the way of trade, or by bargain only, I should not have felt easy to have intrusted my children so entirely in your power; but, connected with the solemn associations of a promise which appealed to your conscience, as well as a mystery to your imagination, I felt satisfied you would be faithful. I had no pretext for endeavouring to

interest your benevolence, or I doubt not I should have found you as kind-hearted and generous as my friend Burroughs described."

The last compliment effectually soothed the mortification which the worthy couple could not help feeling, while they listened to the observations on trade. Mr. Redfield, long afterwards, confessed to Mr. Watson, that he never attempted to make a good bargain without thinking of Mr. Marshall's remarks; "and the thought does me good, too," said he, "for it makes me more solicitous to do right, to do as I would be done by, lest I should bring a reproach on my religion."

"I have seen much of the world," continued Mr. Marshall, "and I am convinced that, to make men wiser, happier and better, we must cultivate the benevolent and social affections. This can only be done by kindness and persuasion. You might as easily melt wax by the contact of ice, as harmonize the heart by severity. It has, hitherto, been the grand object of civilization to awaken the sagacity of men to their pecuniary interests, and their physical comforts; and they have, in consequence, grown selfish and sinful, generally in proportion to their boasted refinement of character. Knowledge has been power, and has been used for oppression as much as physical force; and the Ca-

tholic priesthood is not the only combination professing godliness, which has used its influence to disseminate error, and gained its ends by fostering the evil passions of the multitude."

"You speak of Catholics," said Mrs. Redfield. "Have you no fears that the priest will again obtain an influence over your daughter's mind, and persuade her to enter a convent?"

Mrs. Redfield laughed outright, as she turned her eyes on Watson, who coloured like a girl of fifteen, though he did not look very miserable under her suspicious glance. Mr. Redfield, for the first time, was a little enlightened, and the reply of Mr. Marshall did not utterly astound him, as his wife expected it would do. Indeed, the farmer always maintained, that the idea had come into his head a good many times, only he had not thought it prudent to mention the thing. It is very seldom that a Yankee will own he was wholly unprepared for any occurrence.

"My daughter," said the stranger, smiling, "will, I hope, be, for the future, under clerical influence, but not Catholic. My friend, Mr. Watson, has asked and obtained my consent to watch over her faith in the spirit of love, which is the only human means that can really and permanently change the heart and the opinions."

The congratulations that followed this announcement may be easier imagined than repeated. Mrs. Redfield was clamorous in her approbation of the plan. She thought the only way to prevent all fears for the faith of Mary, was to have the wedding take place before she left Brattleborough. "Let her only be married," said the good wife, "and she will hate the name of a convent. I am sure I do. It may be a fit place for ugly, cross old maids; but to make a beautiful young lady go into one, and take a vow to stay there all her days, is an awful sin."

Mr. Redfield agreed to all this; but still he could not help expressing a wish that he had known the exact state of Mary's mind when she first came to his house; as he "really believed he would have convinced her, from the Bible, that the Catholic religion was very wrong, as well as dangerous and wicked."

"I do not doubt your ability to argue these points, my good friend," said Mr. Marshall; "and I know that arguments may silence, perhaps sometimes convince; but it is only *love* which can lead us in the way we should go, especially when we are young. Mary's heart was in favour of the Catholics; it was her affections, not her reason and judgment, that were perverted. We Protestants

have gained the victory, because we have gained her love. She is convinced of your goodness, for she has experienced your kindness and Christian care; and all the proofs you could have brought from Holy Writ in favour of your tenets, would have weighed as nothing in her mind, compared with the proofs of your pious benevolence, which she has felt was daily watching over and doing good to her and her little brother. She now feels that there are Christians out of the Catholic communion. This was what I hoped when placing her here. I was certain that she would not mingle in the gaieties of the world; and had I boarded her in a gay family, where amusements were the chief pursuit, her melancholy would have been increased by the contrast, and she would, probably, have made her seclusion as perfect as though she had been in a convent. But in this quiet place, and with such sober people, Mary naturally thought she had no temptations to guard against. It could not be wrong to contemplate and admire the beautiful works of her Creator; and thus she was drawn abroad, and has imbibed a taste and love for natural scenery, and that feeling of healthy, innocent enjoyment, while gratifying her curiosity, which the monastic ritual would find it difficult to overcome. The best weapon to combat superstition is,

in my opinion, to awaken the religion of the heart (not the spirit of controversy), and this may most effectually be done by leading the mind to contemplate the goodness of God, while experiencing kindness from man. The soul seems then prepared to adore God and love its neighbour; and the serene happiness which such hallowed emotions sheds around us, cannot be forgotten. Never yet was a human heart won to worship, acceptably, the true God through fear. I do not say the threatenings of the law are not necessary, and sometimes effectual, to deter from crime, and keep the bad from open villanies; but it is only the Gospel of the Saviour, breathing 'peace on earth, and good will to the children of men,' that can make Christians."

I do not know whether Mr. Redfield ever exactly coincided with these sentiments of his guest; but the compliments paid to the conduct of himself and spouse, effectually reconciled him to the practice of charity in this case. He acknowledged the scheme had been good, because it had succeeded. How few have any other criterion of merit when judging the conduct, opinions or plans of others, than their success!

Mrs. Redfield was perfectly satisfied after she found Mr. Marshall intended the wedding should be solemnized at her house. Such a glorious bus-

tle as she enjoyed had never before fallen to her mortal lot; for, though the wedding was private, she had the satisfaction of telling the strange story, as original news, to every body in the village. And moreover, she received several valuable presents from Mr. Marshall and Mary; and she became, from that time forth, quite a lady in her dress and deportment—that is, she displayed taste as well as neatness in her apparel; and her manners were gentle (for she tried in all things to imitate Mary), her voice soft and low, and the spirit of kindness and contentment seemed to have made its home in her heart, and keep its sweet smile always ready for her lip. And her influence (for she became a very fashionable woman, having been so connected with a mystery and a love match), has doubtless had an effect on the ladies of Brattleborough, as every person who visits there will find that they all partake of the spirit and display the characteristics I have described as distinguishing Mrs. Redfield.

Mary, the sweet nun, returned to the south, the happy wife of the Rev. Alexander Watson. The Catholic priest excommunicated her from his heaven; but she had learned to go to God as her Father, and ask forgiveness of her sins for the sake of Christ, her Saviour; and her dependence on priests

and penances was over. The Bible was to her truly the Book of books; perhaps she prized it more from having been so many years deprived of the privilege of reading it. And she never forgot that it was first presented to her by her beloved husband.

THE SILVER MINE.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Now I always had a penchant for fairy lore, and well do I remember the pleasure with which I used to listen to the story of Cinderella and her little glass slipper—what a friend her good fairy proved! And there was Gracioso, too—how could her tasks have ever been performed but through the aid of the kind fairy? Thus I thought, when a child; and even now it seems quite a poetic grievance that not a single fairy ring has been discovered, or any tradition preserved, that the gay elves ever set foot in our land. When Robin Goodfellow exclaimed—

> "I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes,"———

he did not probably include America, any more than do the British reviewers, when they boast of the wondrous achievements of the human mind, and the progress of intellect. Indeed, we are as

poor in traditionary superstitions as in titles of nobility; we are as rational as republican; and Captain Hall would doubtless have proved, had he argued the matter with his usual sagacity, that this skepticism to the marvellous was caused by the lack of imagination, and consequently that Americans never had, would or could excel in works of genius. Certain it is that our literature, if we ever have a national literature, must differ in character from that of the old world. But let that pass for the present. I am intending to tell a marvellous story, but one I heard for truth (bating a few trifling circumstances I have introduced by way of embellishment), and from those who reverenced truth. I am aware of the risk I run, and that I may be called superstitious;—no matter—so I give the impression I wish, the effect will be beneficial to my readers.

Among the first settlers of the town of Newport (N. H.), was deacon Bascom. I intend for the future to give truly the names of places, and of persons, as far as I can, without offending the living. Why should our writers, while relating a story, be so careful to conceal the whereabouts?—and always say the town of ——? Why not speak out? We want the locality of all interesting adventures, whether real or fictitious, fixed. We

should read stories of our own times and people with more interest, and look on the scenes described with the familiarity of remembered places.

Well, deacon Bascom lived in Newport, (a very pretty village you will find there now—then it was a wilderness,) and a good honest man he was, as Connecticut ever sent forth, to build up the wild places of our country. I should like to sketch his character—and yet it is not necessary. The incident will show the man; that is, it would, if I could tell, in his own words and manner, as described to me, how he was beset by the temptation to become *rich*. To be sure, New Englanders are generally beset by a like temptation; but the deacon's was in quite an original way.

Deacon Bascom, like all his countrymen fifty years ago, held the true paradisaical doctrine, that it was "not good for man to be alone." A wife was then considered indispensable to the prosperity as well as happiness of every one who wrote himself man; and children were blessings—real treasures. Alack! what a change half a century has produced. Now our gentlemen are wholly engrossed with caring for their own dear selves; marriage is slavery, and a family a bill of cost. Our fine young men, who should be the glory and strength of New England, go to find their graves in the marshes of the south, or the prairies of the

west; and our fair girls go—into the cotton factories! Well-a-day, it is better to spin than to sigh: factories are more useful than convents;—the girl who lives in the bustle and buzz of forty thousand spindles, will not be very likely to pine in thought, or grow sentimental; and she cannot scold. It is an excellent place for those who never intend to marry, and whose system of enjoyment centres in procuring "meat, fire and clothes." But for opportunities of improving the mind, or gaining household knowledge, a young girl might as well be placed before the mast, or behind the drum:—and a man might as reasonably expect a spinning-jenny to make a good wife, as a Jenny brought up in a factory.

Now deacon Bascom had a good wife, and, for those days, an intelligent one; and it was thinking over her many estimable womanly qualities, and the training requisite to make women what they ought to be, what they are capable of becoming, that brought the factory Spectre, blasting this fair world with the love of gold, before my eyes. My speculations on this subject have no reference to questions on political economy, or no farther than connected with the moral and mental improvement and happiness of my "own dear land." Some time I may write them, but not now; my story is to be told.

Suppose yourself, my friend, in a room of tolerable size, but in height hardly exceeding eight feet; the ceiling is pine boards, and the bare beams are seen above, seemingly ready to enforce on any high-headed wight the practical application of that pithy sentence—"Stoop as you go through the world, and you will miss many hard thumps;"—a stone fire-place, rudely constructed, must occupy almost one whole side of the square apartment, and you may place any quantity of wood you please (that does not exceed your powers of computation in square feet) therein, and set it blazing! By the bright light you may easily examine my hero. There he sits, deacon Bascom, a reverend looking man, though not with years; he has not probably numbered more than forty-five, but men were then deacons in gravity at forty-five—now they are dandies in taste.

There he sits in his arm-chair, a huge high-backed chair; he sits a little inclined forward, his hands joined together, and resting on his knee, and his gaze fixed intently and thoughtfully on the blazing hearth; and there is something in his countenance which reveals that unwonted and strange fancies are passing in his mind His good wife is plying her knitting-needles briskly, but her eyes are anxiously rivetted on the face of her husband, as if she would not only read his thoughts, but

transfuse their spirit into her own heart. She knows he is thinking of his dream. It was a singular dream, far beyond her powers of interpretation, and so she had simply given it as her opinion that it meant nothing at all. But from the deacon's mind the impression was not easily dismissed.

He had, a few nights before, dreamed that a man clothed in black appeared to him, and asked him if he wished to be rich. The deacon, as most deacons it is to be feared would, even in these enlightened days, answered in the affirmative. The man in black then told him, that if he, the deacon, would go alone to a particular place, describing the same, on Sunapee mountain, and raise a stone which he would find beneath a blasted tree, he would then and there discover a silver mine, that would enrich him and his children. What made the dream more remarkable, it was repeated three times; and deacon Bascom, though a man of strong powers of mind, had some faith in dreams. But this he could not interpret any better than his wife. Yet he lacked something of her contented philosophy, and could scarcely believe it meant nothing at all. This question he was now pondering, whether it were better to commence the search for the mine, or reject the dream as a temptation from the great adversary of souls. He was a pious man, and had he known it was a temptation to love the world un-

duly, his faith would have triumphed. But he did not know this—it might be, that the means of doing good were to be entrusted to him, and he ought not to reject the stewardship. However, the tremendous March storm, which was then raging without, and the reflection that it was almost impracticable to penetrate to the mountain, and certainly impossible for him to go alone at that season, on such an adventure, with any prospect of success, and as he did not quite believe the miraculous, though the marvellous had made an impression on his mind, he finally came to the conclusion, the only part of his cogitation, by the way, he communicated to his better half (how seldom do men, even the best and most indulgent of husbands, appreciate the deep sympathy and soul-companionship of which women are capable!) that he should delay exploring for the mine till he was more confirmed on the course of his duty respecting it. And so they retired to rest in peace.

Six months passed away, and the dream, if remembered by either of the good people, had never been mentioned—when the very same vision again appeared to the deacon. He saw the man in black, who appeared importunately to urge that the mine should be sought. Deacon Bascom could no longer excuse himself on account of the bad weather; and, finally, persuaded that it was only with the hope of

doing good by means of the treasure, if he found it, that he was actuated, he took his gun and axe, and a luncheon of bread and cheese, and followed by the prayers of his wife, set out to find the silver mine.

Sunapee mountain is about four miles from Newport. You must never measure distance merely by miles. Think of travelling four miles on a M'Adamized turnpike—'tis only a pleasant jaunt; but imagine you are to force your toiling march four miles through a thick wilderness, and 'tis a prodigious journey! Deacon Bascom had explored the route once before, in pursuit of a bear; and besides, being a tolerable surveyor, and having that keen perception and recollection of local appearances, which seems acquired almost as by instinct, when such knowledge is necessary, he had no fears of being lost in the woods. Sunapee mountain; you, good reader, probably know nothing about it, and care less. Well, I presume you are acquainted with the names and legends of the mountains of Scotland and Wales; and you are familiar, too, with the Appenines and Pyrenees—and what a hum-drum amusement it is to come home here, to our own wild mountains and unpoetic world, for the scenes of story or song! If the rail-road projected from Boston to Ogdensburg, by the way of Concord, N. H., and Windsor, Vt., is ever com-

pleted, it will pass close along by the base of Sunapee mountain; the lofty, wooded hill, heaving up its proud head, on one hand, like a giant, to guard the fair lake that stretches away in the distance on the other.

All the fashionable world will then make the tour of the rail-road; and then the mountain will be known and talked of as a grand and picturesque view, as affording rich themes for the romantic, if not rich silver mines.

The morning deacon Bascom started on his mine-exploring tour was a beautiful one, the sun shining with the brilliancy of a summer noon; and the soft shadowy vapour that, during our fine autumn days, floats like a white transparent veil over all the horizon, seemed only, by excluding the heat and glare, to increase the light and beauty of the scene. What the deacon thought of the fine day, is immaterial to my story. Those who are in the hot pursuit of wealth, seldom pause to worship the God of Nature; and rarely do the places where gold and silver abound, have any attractions for the lovers of the romantic and sequestered. The person who gives up his soul to the love of money, must never expect to see the beauties in the world of nature. He has palsied the chord that responded to the harmonies of his Creator's works. The miser would calculate the worth of all he sees in money.

Let it be remembered, God receives no tribute but from the heart; and to those who refuse him that, He never unlocks his treasures. But don't think my hero is to prove a miser.

It is true he had not so many temptations to the sin of avarice as beset men now-a-days. Display was not then considered necessary to respectability; and he had not an extravagant wife. Mrs. Bascom—how I wish I had a few pages to allow you for the record of your domestic virtues!—A woman she was, it must be confessed after all, and had a deep curiosity to know whether her husband's dream was really true; but then it was mostly for the credit of dreams, in general, she wished it might prove true. Of the riches it promised, she had very vague and unfashionable ideas. No fine dresses and gay parties floated in perspective before her; the winter clothing for her family she had prepared with her own hands; her house she thought comfortable; it was as good as her neighbour's houses, and why should she be anxious to outshine them?

She looked round on her neat and nicely arranged furniture,—there was not an article she wished displaced, either for better or finer, because her things were all so convenient, and all connected with associations of the friends who had purchased, or presented, or praised them. She liked all she had, and thought she had enough—and the trea-

sures of Solomon could offer no more. But was she perfectly satisfied? How I wish I could boldly answer in the affirmative!

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Her beautiful delft punch-bowl had been cracked on the last thanksgiving festival, and she thought, if her husband found the silver mine, she would have a new punch-bowl; and then her best block-tin tea-pot, just as bright as a silver one, and she thought quite as handsome, had a small spot melted on the nose (the carelessness of a *help* that proved herself a harm)—and Mrs. Bascom, who had that refined economical taste which revolts from every appearance of carelessness and waste, had been mortified at the appearance of her tea-pot. So she calculated on a new punch-bowl and tea-pot, as she anxiously looked from hour to hour for the arrival of her husband. At length, late in the afternoon, he appeared, and his wife, as she met his smile and welcomed him, and arranged the dinner she had kept warm for him, and saw the children all pressing round him, for the kiss or kind word, felt herself a happy woman, even with a cracked punch-bowl, and melted tea-pot, and a thought of the silver mine scarcely occurred; nor was the subject named by her till after the children were all in

bed. Then, in his great arm-chair, the Bible on the table before him, deacon Bascom informed his wife that—he had relinquished all thoughts of the silver mine!

"I followed," said he solemnly, "the directions given me by the man in black, and I found the rock he had described; and there stood the blasted tree; and I have no doubt but there is a silver mine. But I had been doubting, every step I took, whether I was in the way of my duty. I determined to pray for light to guide me. I knelt down, and saw, in my own mind, how vain was gold and silver; and I felt that should my children be corrupted by the riches I there sought, how terrible would be my guilt, and the accusations of my conscience! I thought I had enough—I had health and strength, and, with the blessing of God, I could support you and our children. And I prayed, as our Saviour directed—'Lead us not into temptation;' and left the stone, and am determined that never mortal man shall from me learn where it is to be found."

His wife agreed in all his opinions, and thought he had acted a very wise part. "I will," said she, "boil the punch-bowl in skim milk, and it will be as strong and handsome as ever; (had she lived in these temperance times she would have dispensed

with it entirely;) and for the tea-pot—why I don't care a fig about the little melted spot."

The children of that good couple were excellent men and women, and their descendants are worthy and respectable people.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

Miss Thankful Pope lived and died an old maid, in consequence of a difference in political sentiment between herself and lover; and she always declared (after she and her lover separated) that party spirit was the bane of all social intercourse, and would, sooner or later, prove the destruction of our liberties. Why she should make the last remark, I never exactly understood, as she certainly retained *her* liberty, in consequence of party disputes. Her own account of the matter, however, is the best explanation of her creed, and so I shall give her history, just as she related it to her two nieces, the two Misses Wilton.

These two young ladies were visiting at the house of their grandfather, and one forenoon of a summer day they accompanied aunt Thankful on a ramble. After proceeding some way along the high road, which was skirted on the left by a wood, aunt Thankful suddenly struck into a by-path leading directly into the forest. She pursued its apparently untrodden windings, followed by

her nieces, till they came to the banks of a considerable stream. The young ladies concluded their walk in that direction was terminated, till their aunt remarked there was a log across the river, at a little distance, over which they might pass— "and there is a spot on the other side I should like to have you visit," said she.

So they proceeded up the stream, and soon reached the rude bridge; Helen, the youngest girl, began to tremble, and fear her head might swim; but there being no cavalier at hand, to whom her timidity might have been interesting, she finally listened to her aunt's sensible assurances, that there was no sort of danger "if she would only look straight before her, and not frighten herself by her own screams." She followed this rational advice (which, in a like emergency, I recommend to all young ladies), and went over as safely as though the bridge had been made of iron, with a railing reaching to the moon. Aunt Thankful proceeded onward, for half a mile or more, the path still winding amid trees and shrubs; yet the growth of bushes and briars had evidently sprung up after the land had once been, in the phrase of the country, *cleared*, till they came suddenly out on more open space, where a family had once dwelt. There were no buildings; but broken bricks, half buried in the ground, scattered stones, and a cavity

in the earth, which had been a cellar, indicated the spot where the house had stood. The garden, too, might be traced, by the proximity of shrubs and plants, never indigenous in the same locality; and many flowers still blossomed there, in spite of the rank weeds and tall grass, that seemed to grudge them a place for display.

The north side of the ground, which the garden had occupied, might be traced by a double row of lofty elms, most of them still standing, and forming, as they threw abroad their luxuriant branches, in a variety of graceful curves and inclinations, an avenue, grand and beautiful. At the termination of this shaded walk, was an enormous tree of the evergreen species, called, as aunt Thankful affirmed, "the balsam-tree;" at a little distance, on one side of this, had formerly been a summer-house, as was apparent from the lilac and rose bushes, and other flowering shrubs, clustered together; all overrun, and nearly choked, by a luxuriant woodbine, that had been trained over the building. Further on, a fine clear spring bubbled up by the side of a rock; the water had once been collected in a reservoir—this was now filled with rubbish, and the stream ran off in a channel, concealed by tall brakes and flags, till its course was lost in a thicket, formerly a nursery of fruit trees, on the south. Beneath the balsam-tree was a turf-seat, whether

natural or artificial, the ladies could not decide; wood-sorrel, with its pretty, yellow blossoms, mingled with the moss that grew near the roots of the tree, and little nameless flowers were peeping up amid the thick green grass which spread around, wearing that cool, moist look, which is so charming to the eye, during the hot, sultry hours of a summer day.

The ladies sat down on the turf-seat, while Helen, who had been, with her usual quickness, taking note of all, exclaimed hurriedly—

"Who did live here, aunt? What could they mean by leaving such a sweet spot? They had no taste, I am sure, thus to allow this pretty place to become a ruin!"

"Oh, yes!—and I thought there were no ruins in our country, and that that was the reason why our writers could not contrive a good novel. But here, I am sure, is a ruin," said Catharine.

"Nature will soon repair it, though," said aunt Thankful. "Nature is still the empress of our land, and it will be many years yet, notwithstanding all our industry, before we shall sufficiently conquer her domain, to have works of art, as in Europe, more attractive of observation than the wonders and luxuriance of nature."

"What a dear, romantic spot this must have been," observed Helen. "See, yonder was the

orchard, on the side of that hill, to the south; and how grand the forest appears, stretching away in the distance, till it blends with the blue mists of yonder mountains. Oh! we live in a lovely land!"

"And in a *free* country," said Catharine, proudly. "I do love to think, and repeat, that I live in a land of *freedom*."

"We are not free," said aunt Thankful.

"Not free!"—exclaimed both of the young ladies.

"No—not free;—had we been so, this pleasant place would not have been abandoned, nor should I. Aunt Thankful paused, and Helen, who was steadfastly looking at her, saw she blushed. Now Helen had a confused recollection that her mother had told her something respecting a disappointment aunt Thankful had suffered in her youth, and it occurred to the young lady that the affair might somehow be connected with the scene before them. She felt a *little* curiosity (quite natural for a young girl) to know the particulars; and she contrived to frame her questions so adroitly, that her aunt could not well avoid relating the whole story; and to say the truth, she was pleased with the opportunity of telling it—a sure sign that her heart no longer endured pain from the retrospect, though her reason might regret the termination of the affair. It

was a long story, as she related it, occupying full three hours; but thus the abridgement may be told:

"I remember," she began, "when this place, then a wild wood, was sold by my father to a Mr. Kendall, an Englishman by birth. He had resided in Philadelphia several years, and there married his wife; but, finally, ill health induced him to remove and establish himself at the north. He was a man of more taste than calculation, as our people thought, for he preserved many of the fine old trees when his land was cleared, and he built himself a neat little cottage instead of a two story house, and laid out a large garden, spending much of his time in embellishing it with rare plants and curious flowers, and was never once heard to boast of his large corn or early potatoes. However, he was quite popular, notwithstanding, for he was industrious, and was reported to be worth a handsome fortune; and moreover, he was very hospitable, and his wife made a pudding which was unequalled; though our good wives all believed her husband taught her the recipe.

"Mr. Kendall had a daughter about my own age (I was then a child), and a son several years older; George was a very studious, steady boy, and his discreet behaviour soon made him a favourite in our sober society; and hearing his name so often quoted as a pattern for our youths, it is no wonder

I learned to consider him a paragon of excellence. I was intimate with his sister; and finally, George and I became attached to each other. I was called very handsome in those days. You need not smile, Helen; I know that, usually, every antiquated damsel claims to have been a belle in her youth, and they generally claim, too, the honour of having rejected several lovers; not an old maid breathes but imagines she might have been married, had she chosen it. Such pretensions sound very ridiculous, when urged by the spinster of three-score; I shall say no such thing; but I do say, and it is not boasting, that, when of your age, I was as handsome as either of you.

"Well, George and I were engaged, and happy days we past. When he came home, at the college vacations, he and his sister Mary and I—how often have we all sat here, beneath this very tree; George playing on his flute, or reading, Mary and I busied in making some article of clothing for him, or netting him a purse, or cutting watch-papers. Oh, that was a sunny time of life to me!"

The voice of aunt Thankful trembled as she dwelt on the recollections of her youth—she paused and wiped her eyes. Helen was a gay girl, and her aunt felt somewhat fearful of her mirth; but she need not. There is a sacredness

in the exhibition of the deeper emotions of the soul, which will check the levity of every person of delicacy or feeling; and Helen, even before she was aware, was wiping her own eyes in sympathy with her aunt's grief. After a pause of a few minutes, aunt Thankful resumed her story.

"George closed his academic career with honour, and immediately commenced the study of the law, in which it was expected, by his friends, he would become eminent, as he had many natural qualifications for a public speaker. I need not say how happy his success made me, nor how proud I was of his talents, till an incident occurred which destroyed all my complacency in his merits. Like all our young men who are intending to figure in the world, he soon turned his attention to politics. He was educated a federalist; but whether he wished to show he was entirely *free* in the selection of his political creed, or whether he was a sincere convert to the cause he espoused, or that his course was dictated by whim, I cannot say—but to the honour of our whole community, we learned he had been writing articles (and very spirited ones they were, too) for a democratic newspaper. This was during the winter of '98 and '99, when party spirit raged so bitterly. Oh, I shall never forget my astonishment when I found George was what

we termed a jacobin. Strange as it may seem to you—strange as it now seems to me—I did then believe that if the democratic party succeeded in electing their candidate, our liberty, laws and religion, would all be sacrificed, and that we should experience all the horrors here, which we read were perpetrated in France. I had no reasons for my opinion; it was adopted solely from education and feeling; yet I made the sentiments of my party the standard of rectitude; and had George committed a murder, I should hardly have been more shocked than when he declared himself a republican. The first time I heard it from his own lips, was at a large party, whither he had come to seek me, when he found I was not at home. I had not seen him for five months, yet the first thought that entered my mind when he addressed me was, that I would ridicule him for his political heresies till I made him deny, before the whole company, that he had written the obnoxious articles, or else he should apologize, and disclaim all intention of being serious in his new opinions. But he would do neither; and finally I was so mortified, (for I had often declared I knew he never would acknowledge his principles before me,) that I burst into tears and determined to go home. He followed, and offered, in a very mild

tone, to attend me; this somewhat soothed me, and I accepted his arm. During our walk, which was a silent one, I concluded that if we talked the matter over at home, my father would join me, and we should convince George he was wrong. Accordingly, as soon as we were seated in our parlour, I introduced the subject, by telling my father what George had said. It is impossible to describe the scene that ensued. My father was a native of the 'land of steady habits,' and he would have held himself eternally disgraced, had he yielded one word of his sound principles as fallible. George was naturally calm in his manner, but he had a bold spirit when it was aroused, and a persevering temper; and he prided himself on being able to chop logic with any one. I cannot tell which had the best of the argument; I only know that the longer they disputed, the firmer each grew in his own opinion; and such I believe is usually the case in political controversies. The reason is now evident to me. They are never entered into with any wish to gain knowledge, but only a triumph for a party.

"Well, my father at last grew terribly irritated, and he rose up, and told George, while he held such disorganizing sentiments, he never wished to see him enter his doors again.

"George looked at me. I sat unmoved as a statue, and returned his appealing glance with a glance of scorn. He bade us good night, and I never saw him again."

"What did become of him? Did he commit suicide? I hope it was not here," exclaimed Helen, looking eagerly round, as if she expected to see his grave close at hand.

"No, no," said aunt Thankful, pettishly, "there is no fear that a politician will die for love. Politics have some good tendencies; the ambition of their votaries, and the continual excitement in which they live, prevents the excessive indulgence of any single passion; or, in other words, the politician who would succeed, must practice self-command. The proud man is often obliged to humble himself; the indolent is aroused to activity; the rash man becomes circumspect; the narrow-minded display generosity; in short, there is an influence in a republican government, calculated to call forth and strengthen the noblest powers of men, reason and judgment; and it would always do this, were it not counteracted by the prejudices of party spirit, fostered by the selfish and designing. Strange, we should think prejudice confined to *one* particular party, when it is the vice of all. I am now sensible it was only my prejudices that condemned George."

"And I am sure it was quite natural that you should think the young man wrong when he differed from your father and all your other friends," said Catharine, "and he ought not to have been offended. Did he not explain and apologize afterwards?"

"I expected he would write me the next day, but I determined to return his letter, unless it contained a recantation of his opinions; however, he never troubled me with any application, and that leads me to think he was honest in his principles, and that he calculated time would show me he had not been a traitor to his religion or his country. He soon left the town, and shortly after I heard he had gone to Savannah, and taken charge of a paper devoted to his party. I believe I was not a thorough politician, for I wept at the thought of his danger from the sickly climate, when I ought to have rejoiced at the prospect of his sickness or death, if that would have been of any advantage to our cause. You shudder, but it is certainly true that party spirit, when indulged to enthusiasm, withers every kindly emotion of the heart towards those it counts as political enemies.

"It was soon rumoured that Mr. Kendall was inclining towards the opinions of his son, and he and his daughter were immediately treated with, what

we thought, merited contempt. I believe no one went further in this unchristian conduct than myself. The truth was, I was very unhappy; I had lost my lover, and I endeavoured to persuade myself that all I suffered was owing to the horrid principles of democracy, which were constantly gaining ground.

"Poor Mary! I used her cruelly, and never once reflected that she was following the same course with myself; that is, imbibing as her own, the sentiments of her nearest friends. Many do this, but such should never claim any merit for the correctness of their opinions, nor indeed claim to hold correct principles at all. How do they know the path in which they have been guided is the best, when they have never examined any other? You are aware how that contested election terminated. I was absolutely amazed, and expected the judgments of heaven would follow our nation, because of the wickedness of its rulers. I had still so much confidence in the integrity of George Kendall, that I thought, when he discovered what a party he had joined, he would recede. But I learned he was appointed to some office, and I treated Mary worse than ever. But at last she escaped from my insolence. The house of Mr. Kendall took fire one night, and was consumed,

with all its contents. He could not rebuild it without accepting assistance from his neighbours, which, as they had treated him like an enemy, he would not do; and so he and Mary went on a visit to George, and there they have since resided."

"Did George never return here?" asked Helen.

"Never," said her aunt. "Yet he cruelly retained this property. I say cruelly, because it led me to believe he intended to return. Many persons wrote to him, offering to purchase it; but he replied, that it was not to be sold. I therefore concluded that he was conscious he was in the wrong, and only waited a favourable moment to come and throw himself at my feet, and retract his political errors. But months and years passed on, and the next election found him still a republican. Indeed, as those political excitements began to subside, I saw that neither party could claim to be infallible, and I felt more reconciled to the course George had pursued, and if he had returned I should have welcomed him. But I could not think of beginning the correspondence either with him or Mary, and seeking a reconciliation, because I feared they would think I was making advances to him—and if he rejected them—oh! it would be too humiliating, notwithstanding I knew I had been to blame. They probably thought me inexorable—and so six

years rolled away; then I heard George was married."

Both young ladies sighed at this *denouement*—Catharine felt afflicted at the disappointment of her aunt, and Helen regretted the affair had proved so common-place. Aunt Thankful, after a few moment's silence, thus proceeded to draw her moral:

"I have told you this story, that you may be warned against indulging the rancour of party feelings. I do not say that ladies should abstain from all political reading or conversation; that they should take no interest in the character or condition of their country. I cannot think, in a land so favoured as ours, such indifference and ignorance is excusable in a rational being. But their influence should be expected to allay, not to excite animosities: their concern should be for their whole country—not for a party. In their own little circle they may, in a quiet manner, do much to calm the irritations which public excitements would otherwise mingle with social life; to do this requires some knowledge, and much goodness and prudence."

"But you said we were not *free*," said Helen.

"None are free who become the slaves of a party," replied aunt Thankful; "nor will they tolerate freedom of sentiment in others. My

meaning was, that if George Kendall had been permitted, without persecution, to enjoy his political principles here, he would never have gone to the south. We shall never be *free* in spirit, while bigotry and intolerance are cherished among us."

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BREAKFAST.

"I THINK we should always be cheerful on New-Year's day," said Mrs. Morey.

"Why on that day in particular?" inquired Mr. Danvers.

"Indeed, I can give you no reason," returned Mrs. Morey. "It is one of those cases in which, I think, feeling should predominate."

"Perhaps you consider it ominous."

"Perhaps I do, though your smile would proclaim it ridiculous. But you will acknowledge that these cheerful hopes and fancies, which we can by our own efforts obtain, make us happier for the day, at least."

"It may be very well for people who have few substantial comforts," said Mrs. Danvers, in a very bland tone; but there was a laughing sneer in her eye—"Yet I confess such fanciful happiness is

not to my taste. I wish to enjoy present happiness."

"I once heard a good man observe, that pleasure might be in the present tense, but that happiness was always in the future," said Miss Lamson.

"He was an oracle, I suppose," returned Mrs. Danvers; "I hate oracles."

"Well, but you would not maintain that, to those who, for thirty-five or forty years, have constantly moved in the round of the fashionable world, there are any new pleasures to be found in the same circle?" said Miss Lamson.

"No matter whether they are new, if they are substantial pleasures," said Mr. Danvers, replying for his wife; who, he saw, was pale with anger. The allusion, as she thought, to her age, had highly offended her. She only owned to *thirty-three*—(subtracting ten from Time's callendar)—and she was horrified at the hint included in the term "forty."

"There are few pleasures substantial," observed Mr. Morey, with a sigh.

"But many, very many sources of happiness, my dear, if we only improve the share allotted us," said Mrs. Morey, kindly. "Is it not a very happy circumstance that we all meet in good health this morning, with good appetites, and have a very good breakfast, too; (she smiled)—but our cook,

who is a good Catholic, told me last night, that she should do her best for the New-Year's breakfast."

"All these are matters of course," said Mrs. Danvers;—"I never count a good breakfast among my pleasures. Give me novelty. Such as we shall enjoy to-night at the party of Mrs. A——. I believe—(she turned towards Mrs. Morey) that you used, formerly, to attend her parties: were they not charming?"

"Very gay and pleasant, certainly; but I did not enjoy so much happiness as I now do in my evenings at home."

"Oh, yes—domestic happiness,—you have such *fine* children, no wonder you are happy." (Louisa Morey blushed, and the two little boys laughed outright at this fine compliment), "but then you have nothing new."

"We will be happy then in the good old way," returned Mrs. Morey; "have a New-Year's cake, and games, and stories. Perhaps Mr. Lassar will join us."

"With pleasure, madam; with all my heart"—and Mr. Lassar's dark eye flashed with a look of exultation, as it glanced from Mrs. Morey to Mrs. Danvers.

Mrs. Danvers felt, she hardly knew why, greatly offended. What should she, a rich, fashionable

lady, care about the opinion of a strange, misanthropic man, whom nobody knew. And yet she was angry that he seemed to rejoice at the idea of joining Mrs. Morey's social circle.

"You can doubtless tell them some *new* stories, Mr. Lassar," said Mrs. Danvers.

"I will tell them my *own*," said he.

The lady's face was red as a piony.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY MATTERS.

Allow me to introduce my dramatis personæ, severally and generally.

Mr. Morey was one of those characters, almost peculiar to our republic, who have been every thing by turns and nothing long, and done every thing, and found nothing that would do.

He had been liberally educated, that is, so far as a profuse expenditure of money in college, and a parchment diploma when he left it, would give him a right to the boast. He came on the stage of the great world, in the character of a wit and an exquisite—he soon fell in love, really, truly, worthily—so far as the character of the lady was concerned, and this love changed him to a poet and a man of sentiment. He educated the young lady he was intending to wed in the most elegant and expensive manner. They were married, and began life in style.

But a married man, in our country, cannot kill time without business of some kind. Young Morey was too rich to make business a necessary

occupation—so he declined entering any of the learned professions; they were too laborious; but politics was no labour—it was a short and glorious career to immortality, and he became a politician. In order to increase his influence, and prevent the odium of aristocracy from attaching to him as a merely rich man, living on the patrimony his father had left him, Morey engaged in trade; he furnished money, and his partner mind—at the end of ten years the stock of both was expended.

About the same time, the political party which Morey had assumed to lead, vanished like a shower of shooting stars; and their light was absorbed or lost in the rising sun of a more fortunate rival. Morey was completely down.

But Morey had resources; he thought he had, for he had often been told so, a great genius; he would exercise it, he would now become a political writer, an editor, and make his talents feared, and his name respected. His enemies should feel that neither the loss of office or wealth had power to crush him.

In truth, they did not crush him; it was the petty vexations of his craft, the small, but ever-pressing, every-day cares of common life that wore him out. He felt that he could, in the defence of his family, have grappled with a lion; but though they perished, he would not stand and be

stung by a host of mosquitos. So he soon abandoned his editorship. He then tried several other departments of business, but all in vain; and from his last, that of clerk in the —— Bank, he was released by a severe pulmonary attack. He recovered; but when, after a long year's confinement, he was able to go abroad, he found his friends all dead to him.

Mrs. Morey was just such a woman as Solomon must have had in his mind when he said, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." She had been indebted to him for her education. Her father had once been a great man on change, but when the last change came to him, as he left no money to his widow and children, no part of his greatness descended to them. The eldest son went out to India, where he was soon carried off by the cholera; the second died at home of a fever, and the poor mother, broken-hearted and discouraged, soon followed him to the grave, leaving the beautiful Isabel, a child of thirteen, to the mercy of a heartless world.

It was in the deep weeds of mourning that the lovely child first caught the eye of the gay Richard Morey. She looked so fair, so pure, so like a new-made star, just trembling through the clouds of earth's foul atmosphere, that every soft and exalting sentiment which female beauty and innocence

is capable of inspiring in the heart of a young man, was kindled in that of Morey. Had the spirit of chivalry dictated his course, it could not have been more romantically refined. He adopted her as a sister, placed her under the guardianship of his aunt, provided for her every advantage of education, and every enjoyment suited to her age, which money could command. Till she was sixteen he never hinted to her his partiality, or endeavoured to gain her heart. But he had secured it long before; and at seventeen she became his wife.

It was not for his wealth, station, education, appearance—not for any or all of these, that Isabel Erskine loved Richard Morey. It was his tenderness and truth to her, his kindness that had sustained the orphan, his generosity that had, by affording her the means of an education, opened in her mind and heart such rich sources of intellectual and moral enjoyment; it was these recollections which bound her soul to his, as it were, absorbing her whole earthly being in his happiness, and making the aim of her life to contribute to the exaltation of his character.

How vividly she had enjoyed his prosperity, and how deeply she felt his misfortunes, no language could describe! Their reverses were never thought of as affecting her own comforts—she would cheerfully have

——————————"Fed on pulse,
Drank the clear stream, and nothing worn but frieze,"

—if by that means her husband might have been sustained in his place and fortune.

This sentiment it was which called forth the energies of her character. She met, with cheerful alacrity, every change of situation his decreasing finances made necessary. She parted with her splendid furniture without a sigh; gave up her fashionable circle; even rejoiced when some of these heartless beings affected to *cut her*, that she was effectually freed from their intrusion, and had her time to devote to domestic avocations, and to the instruction of her young daughter, whom she had taken from the expensive school where they could no longer afford to keep her. When the heart-corroding trouble of Mr. Morey had broken his constitution, and brought on his long disease, it was his affectionate wife that was, like a guardian angel, about his bed. No fatigue seemed to depress, no watching to weary her. Her gentle tones always encouraged him to hope in the mercy of that God who does not willingly afflict His children, and to be resigned to His will. And when their prayers were answered, and Mr. Morey went from his sick chamber, a "sadder but a wiser man," and found the world all occupied, and no spot to call

his own, his devoted wife had provided him a home.

It was her hardest trial to persuade and reconcile him to the idea of her opening a boarding-house! That his wife, his lovely and accomplished Isabel, who had been the "cynosure of all eyes," whose grace and beauty had been the admiration of princes and lords in the courts of Europe; that she should be reduced to a mere housekeeper, a poor dependent on the caprice of those who had money to pay for their board—that such should sit at his table, and subject *her* to the necessity of domestic cares and toils—this was the bitterness of his lot!

"It is nothing, nothing, my dear Richard, in comparison with what many of my sex have endured for those they love," said Mrs. Morey. "Think of the trials and sufferings of Lady Russell!—O, how trivial to her would have appeared the mere exertion to obtain a living, if the life of her husband might have been spared. And how often, during your illness, in my prayers for your recovery, did I feel that, if you might be spared, I never could be otherwise than happy."

CHAPTER III.

THE BOARDERS.

The first who engaged lodgings was Miss Mehitabel Lamson, a moderately endowed and invalid spinster. How came that class of females, called old maids, to be vilified and held up to contempt! The majority of those I have known have been most worthy of praise; and Miss Lamson was an example of goodness. She became acquainted with the Moreys soon after their misfortunes, assisted Mrs. Morey during the sickness of her husband, and now came to give her countenance to their establishment. She took the small parlour that opened out of the dining-room, because she was too feeble to walk up and down stairs.

The whole of the second floor was taken by Mr. Danvers. He broke up his expensive establishment, as his wife said, purposely, out of friendship for Mr. Morey; he wished to encourage this effort at independence. They offered a high price for the suit of rooms, more than the Moreys had intended to ask. Mr. Morey would have refused it

and them, if his gentle wife had not plead, almost with tears, that the sacrifice might be made.

"They only come to insult us," said Mr. Morey, speaking through his set teeth. "There has been a time when Danvers would have thought himself honoured for life by the privilege of sitting at my table—and now he talks of encouraging me!"

Mr. Morey wronged him. Danvers had no wish either to insult or encourage the fallen man. The plan of the boarding was entirely managed by Mrs. Danvers. She had in her youth cherished a feeling of love, or admiration rather, for the dashing Richard Morey,—she had manœuvred to gain his attention, and hoped to win him, when the fair orphan destroyed all her plans. Mrs. Danvers had hated Isabel Erskine—she had envied Mrs. Morey, and now the opportunity of exultation over her fallen rival promised her most exquisite gratification.

The third floor was, at first, occupied by two young gentlemen, friends of the Danvers';—one soon after sailed for Europe, and the very day of his departure, Mr. Lassar presented himself. He was a stranger, but of what country he did not say. He brought a letter of recommendation from the Portuguese consul at Washington, and he had a Portuguese servant; these appearances seemed to warrant him of that country. Then his appearance

was decidedly foreign. His dark eye, sallow complexion, and huge mustachios, were a never-exhausted topic of comment for Mrs. Danvers. She admired poetry and the picturesque. How could she avoid admiring a man whose appearance was so beautifully Byronian? He was a walking edition of the Corsair and Giaour. She never saw him appear without a thrill of awe and curiosity.

Who was Mr. Lassar? Nobody could tell. He *evidently had plenty of money.*

A few weeks after his arrival, the young gentleman who occupied the contiguous chamber, gave Mrs. Morey warning that he should leave her. He said that he must board nearer his store. The truth was, the young shopkeeper felt annoyed by the presence of the dark stranger, who, he had ascertained, kept his percussion pistols always loaded.

Mrs. Morey told her husband that Mr. —— was going, and the vacant apartment might be let.

"I will take it," said Mr. Lassar. "How much did Mr. —— pay?" She told him.

"My servant will settle for a quarter's rent in advance," said Lassar.

"How very odd!" said Mrs. Danvers. "What can he want of two such apartments? Who is he?"

CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATION.

"'Tis a lovely face," said Mr. Lassar. He was leaning against the mantel-piece, and fixedly contemplating an engraving of Lady Russell.

Mrs. Morey started—she did not know that he had lingered after the breakfast-things were removed. She had not yet risen, but as her custom was, remained to wash the cups, and take note that every thing was arranged in its proper place.

"Mr. Morey calls that picture my guardian saint," said she, faintly smiling. "Indeed, the feelings which it often awakens in my heart are comforting and elevating. It reminds me of the strength of mind affection may impart—of the fortitude with which feeble woman may support the deepest afflictions. I never look at it without feeling a conviction of the wonderful moral influence with which my sex are endowed, and of the responsibility which that endowment imposes. Is it not strange, Mr. Lassar, that we should be such triflers?"

"No, I think not, while so much importance is

attached to trifles. Your sex are, excuse me, madam, for the plainness of my remark, very fond of influence—power, some call it; and while the chief objeet of their education is to qualify them for display, and the voice of society makes that display the standard of rank and fashion, the majority will be triflers."

"How can this be corrected?"

"There are two methods. The most speedy and noble one might be effected by the rich and talented. If they would lend their aid only to objects of real importance, and always sustain persons of real worth of character, whatever might be their worldly circumstances, they could soon make the standard of fashion that of elevated moral goodness and mental acquirements. The other method is, that the people, the great mass, shall give the tone to public opinion, and proscribe every thing which is not useful in itself, and equally accessible to all. The first method has for its object the improvement of the poor; the other, that of putting down the rich."

"You do not think the last likely to prevail!"

"Judging from present appearances, it may; though I cannot give up my darling hope, that the rich will be instructed by the signs of the times, and use their advantages more wisely. And yet, how can I hope, when I have daily before my eyes

their abuse of power. What has shut the door of Mrs. A—— against you, madam, but the want of wealth, or its appearance? What has opened it to Mrs. Danvers but the appearance of wealth? Had Mrs. A—— acted on Christian principles, her attentions would have increased with your misfortunes. Had she acted on rational principles, she would not have abandoned you under a reverse to which the richest are liable, and which, when sustained with patience, magnanimity, and self-exertion, entitles the sufferer to added respect and consideration."

"I should not have attended her party, had I been invited," observed Mrs. Morey, calmly; "because I could not have afforded the expense of time and dress."

"Very well, madam; I presume you would not. But then you would have made your own election, and in deciding that now, the duties of life, rather than its amusements, were the most proper pursuit, you would have felt a pleasure in their performance, which, while the contempt of the fashionable world is thus poured upon them, no woman's feelings can fully appreciate."

"Oh! it is not for myself that I ever regard a slight," said Mrs. Morey, tears rushing to her eyes. "But my poor husband, he is so distressed when he sees that his loss of property has subjected

me to these insults, that he is quite unmanned. If I could only persuade him to regard it as lightly as I do, I should be perfectly contented and happy."

"You devote yourself entirely to your husband, I see," returned Mr. Lassar, approaching her. "I have often read in novels this disinterestedness of the female heart, but never before saw it exemplified."

"He deserves it—my husband deserves it all. You cannot judge by his present appearance what he was, when he adopted me, a poor, friendless orphan, as his sister. You smile; well—perhaps he intended I should be more. But he was father, brother, guardian to me then, and he has since been *all*. The world may say he has been unwise —but he has always been just to others and to me. Oh! I shall never overpay his kindnesses."

"I can sympathize in your desolate feelings, arising from want of kindred," observed Mr. Lassar, tenderly. "I have for many, many years, been a desolate being, separated from my country and friends; even my native language was a strange sound to my ears."

Mr. Lassar seemed fairly launched into his own history, and how far he might have forestalled his promised evening communication, it is impossible to say. He was cut short by the appearance of

Mrs. Danvers; she stared most inquisitively on the *tête-à-tête*—then returning, with stately politeness, Mr. Lassar's cold bow, as he passed out of the apartment, she informed Mrs. Morey that she came to tell her, Mr. Danvers and lady had an invitation to take a New-Year's dinner with the Hon. Judge P——. "And," continued she, "we shall go, though the time is short; no fault of Mrs. P——. She sent the card a week since, but it was lost. The servant deserves a prison."

"Pardon my troubling you, Mrs. Morey. I just wished to have your opinion respecting my jewellery. Which shall I wear, the topaz, or these emeralds set in pearls?" said Mrs. Danvers.

"The emeralds and pearls would be my choice. They are beautiful."

"Mr. Danvers insisted that I should have a set of diamonds—but I thought them too extravagant. He said so much, that I was obliged to take this ring. Do you not think the stone a rich one?"

"Very. Yes, it is a real diamond, and elegantly set."

"I am glad it suits your taste, because Mr. Danvers thinks so highly of your judgment. He says, that when you wore ornaments, they were always superb. I should think you would sometimes wear them now."

"I sold my ornaments during my husband's long illness," said Mrs. Morey, in a quiet tone.

"Dear me—I forgot. Well, you are so good that you do not need such flimsy things. But my husband is never happy unless I make a show. And really, this dinner party is a formidable affair; and then we must attend the *soirée* at Mrs. A——'s. It is too much. I am half inclined not to go this evening; you must know I have a *penchant* to learn who Mr. Lassar is; and this evening he promised his history, or perhaps he told it you this morning?"

Mrs. Morey had so long and strictly governed her own feelings, that neither the evident intention of mortifying and vexing her, exhibited by Mrs. Danvers, while displaying her jewellery, nor the last ill-bred remark, had any effect on her mild face, except that of raising a half smile.

"Well," continued Mrs. Danvers, "who is he?"

"He has not yet told me; I expect that pleasure this evening."

"It will be a pleasure. Why, he must be some nobleman. And he cannot be an exile, for they are always poor. And you know he has always dressed like a lord; and then, his rooms are so richly furnished. He must be either a baron or a bandit, as I often tell my husband; and so fond as

he is of your children—I should have thought you would have found out who he was six months ago. How I wish I knew!"

"I have never felt any solicitude on the subject. He came highly recommended! he has ever sustained the character given him; and more—he has been a friend as well as a boarder."

"Do you know he is soon going away?"

"I had no thought of the kind. When? Where?"

"I was told to-day—it is a great secret—but I was told that he had purchased that splendid house in —— street, next door to Mrs. A——'s."

"Is he intending to occupy it?"

"I guess so—though perhaps not. He said he purchased it for his *sister*—but who can she be? Have you ever heard him name her?"

"No—I thought he had no relations."

"I presume he has not. It was only a *ruse*—and he will live there himself. Mrs. A—— sent him a card for her party—she is dying to be acquainted with him; but it seems he does not intend to go. Ah! you and Louisa are the magnets for him. I should'nt wonder if he was intending to propose for Louisa this evening, and so, as a preparatory, will tell you who he is. How I wish I knew!"

* * * * *

In the parlour of the Moreys, though it was only half-past nine, there reigned the hush of midnight. The tea-things had long been removed. The little boys, Richard and Edward, had had their games and sports, in which Mr. Lassar had participated, with all the glee of a child; Louisa had sung and played her father's favourite songs, and, accompanied by Mr. Lassar's flute, performed the plaintive airs her mother loved best;—the little boys had retired; the piano was shut; and gathered closely around the centre table, the remaining members of the family group were waiting, in the hush of mute attention, the expected history of Mr. Lassar. Hark!—ring! ring!—bustle! bustle! —Who can it be?—Who but Mr. and Mrs. Danvers.

"You see we are returned to spend the evening with you, my dear Mrs. Morey," said the lady, as she uncloaked, unbonnetted, and threw herself languidly on the sofa. "I told Mr. Danvers that one party at a time was as much as my nerves would bear. Don't let us interrupt you, Mr. Lassar. I assure you we shall esteem it the greatest of favours to hear your communication. Mrs. Morey could not feel more interested in the events of your life than I do."

"The events of my life, madam," said Mr. Lassar, "have been so varied, that a long story might

be told; but, to gratify you, I will come to the result at once. Let me just run over the index. At twenty, I was, by my father's death, and the insolvency of his estate, thrown on the world—went to India to seek my fortune—after many hardships, sufferings and struggles, became interpreter and factor to a Persian merchant—and finally, at his death, succeeded to his business and property."

"But your sister;" said Mrs. Danvers, eagerly.

"All in good time. Mrs. Morey, had you ever a brother in India?" His voice trembled.

"Yes; Edward—Edward Erskine. What do you know of him?"

"Isabel, dear Isabel—I am Edward Erskine!"

* * * * *

"They will cut Mrs. A——, that is certain," said Mrs. Danvers to her husband.

"They'll cut us, too, my dear."

"But I am sure I have always esteemed Mrs. Morey—and how could I know she was Mr. Lassar's sister?"

"True; how could you know she would ever be able to give another party? Well, money is much more *fashionable* than merit—they will now have friends enough."

"And they will live in that splendid house, and Miss Lamson is to reside with them. How strangely things happen! It has been a happy New-Year to the Moreys."

CAPTAIN GLOVER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNDAY, especially in the country, is the true holiday of a Yankee. In saying this, I do not mean that it is considered as a day of recreation—no, indeed!—there are very few native-born and native-dwelling Yankees but would revolt at the idea of finding their own amusements on the Lord's day. They intend to keep the day holy, but they wish to appear respectable in so doing, and they like to enjoy themselves. What better method to obtain these objects than regular attendance at church, dressed in their best; where they can see and be seen?—the elderly people having an opportunity for cordial greetings and disquisitions on the weather, either when they meet on the road, or around the church door; and the young ones exchanging smiles, glances, or warm pressures of the hand, which, between those of the same sex, indicate friendship. Ladies only indulge in friendship—but when the eye of a young man is habitually and continually directed across the gallery, or into a neighbouring pew of fair

damsels, we may not wrong him by imputing to him a sentiment which he does not call friendship. At least one half our rural beaux fall in love at church.

"Pray, who was that handsome girl who sat in the pew on the left of the pulpit," said young Albert Eaton to his cousin James Rowe.

"On the left of the pulpit?—Oh, that was Captain Glover's daughter," replied James, who was turning over a volume of Percival's Poems;—"here is her picture:—

> "From her eye's melting azure there sparkles a flame
> That kindles the young blood to ecstacy's glow;
> She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
> As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow."

But I forgot you had not yet heard her speak, Albert."

"She is the finest girl I saw in your church, James. Does her father live in the village?"

"Oh! no—he lives down by the mill."

"Not in that small house by the bridge?"

"Yes, by the bridge—in that little hut"—and James cast a glance of keen inquiry on his cousin, and it might be there was some derision in his smile.

Albert Eaton's father was a man who had gathered much substance, and waxed rich in speculations, and he now lived like a rich man, engross-

ed with the cares of adding to his possessions, or harassed with the fears of losing his property. Riches never bring content; at least, they never bring it to a worldly man. Albert happened, unfortunately, to be an only child, and as all the estate would finally descend to him—(and sorely did it grieve the elder Mr. Eaton when the idea crossed him that he must die and *leave his property*)—he had been lectured on the necessity of economy, good calculation, and taking care of his money, till he had often wished there was no such thing as money in the world. He particularly hated half-cents. "Always remember and save the half-cent in your bargains," his father would say. Albert was a good-natured soul, but he never heard his father say, "save the half-cent," without a frown, and he never would save it. "As well be a beggar at once as practice such beggarly economy," Albert thought. And truly, what is the benefit of possessing property, when we only note its increase by increasing anxiety!

It will probably be surmised, by the reader, that Albert would not regard the poverty of a lovely girl as an insuperable bar to his addresses. Neither would he have so regarded it had that poverty only exhibited itself in the lack of money; but, to lack a decent house to live in, placed the indigence of

Captain Glover's daughter in a mortifying point of view to Albert Eaton.

Few people form their own opinions of what is really excellent in character from reasoning. We are the slaves of circumstance, education, fashion. Albert had always lived in an elegant dwelling—all his particular friends resided in fine houses, and he fancied those persons worthy of his admiration must be found in fine houses. He saw and felt the meanness of being devoted exclusively to the love of money; but he did not dream that the undue value placed on those luxuries which money commanded, was a passion just as sordid and selfish. The only difference is, that the latter error may more easily be corrected. And it was not many days, before Albert acknowledged that virtue, intelligence and refinement, as well as beauty, might be found in a humble dwelling.

Captain Glover was a man of considerable talent, and in his youth, extraordinary good-looking. His father gave him a farm, and assisted him to build a house, and he married a pretty, amiable girl: thus beginning the world with bright prospects for a farmer; every body prophesied he would do well, and so he would have done, but for one single failing. He was indolent. The sluggard is not so criminal as the drunkard; but he is far from being innocent. Yet there are but few men, notoriously

lazy, who would have maintained so respectable a standing among the stirring generation of Yankees as did Captain Glover. His temper was as unmovable as his frame, and he would sit the live long day in his elbow-chair, chatting and laughing, without once being disturbed from his imperturbable good humour by the advice, or even reproaches of his wife (she did scold sometimes, and nobody blamed her for scolding), or the noise of his children. Toil on his farm he would not—and he really felt relieved when the sheriff attached and sold it to satisfy executions which had been renewed to the utmost limit of time allowed by the law. His creditors were loath to distress such a good-natured fellow, till he urged the sale of the farm, alleging that the fences were going to ruin, and the sooner it was disposed of, the better. Relying on the old saying, that the lame and the lazy are always provided for, Glover gave himself no uneasiness about his future residence, or business, till a brother of his wife, out of pity to her and her children, offered him the employment of tending an old mill. Glover accepted the situation, and very contentedly established himself, as he hoped, for life.

There seemed indeed little prospect that any one, though differing in politics, would covet his *place*. The mill was on a small stream, which divided

the town of B——— from the village of L———; consequently, like a neutral between two parties, was not much patronized by the inhabitants of either. The stream was scanty, and usually dry six weeks every summer; and the ice and other accidents obstructed the operations of the mill about as long every winter. Here then was a glorious situation for an idle man. Three months in each year perfectly at liberty to enjoy himself, without a twinge of conscience to upbraid him. He did enjoy himself, notwithstanding his house looked little better than an Indian wigwam, or an Irish cabin. But his wife, poor woman, was never contented, and finally she fell into a consumption, and died. Mrs. Glover had always been considered the main-stay of the house, and it was now confidently prophesied that the family must be broken up. And so it would inevitably have been, but for the eldest girl, a child of eleven years old. Margaret Glover was a shy, modest little creature, and during her mother's life, renowned for nothing but the despatch with which she performed an errand; and furthermore, she had been praised, by Miss Molly Griffin, for being always careful to make her courtesy and shut the door after her—two observances from which the thoughtful spinster augured that Margaret would make an accomplished and useful young lady. And so it proved, for

immediately on her mother's death she took charge of the children, five younger than herself—managing them and the household affairs with the diligence and discretion of a woman.

The inside of their humble dwelling was in reality more comfortable than the outward appearance would have indicated. The larger room was ceiled around and plastered over-head, and always kept as neat as a fairy would have prescribed. It was a pleasant sight to look on the bright row of pewter plates and porringers in the open cupboard, with the white milk-pail and wooden bowl on the bottom shelf—all arranged in the best order for display. It was innocent and useful vanity, however (if vanity ever deserves to be so considered), for the praise bestowed on Margaret's industry and neatness never made her proud, only more anxious to deserve such commendation. Neither were her thoughts all engrossed by her housewifery, as is too often the case with your notables. The necessity she felt of instructing her younger sisters and brother, aroused her to improve her own mind, and she soon excelled in her taste for reading, and judgment of books. Nothing like self-instruction for strengthening the mind. One twelvemonth's determined attention to our own progress in literature, is worth years lounged away in the schools. In the latter case, we are too often satisfied if our

instructors know what we should learn—in the former, we learn for ourselves.

There are but very few people among us reduced to such poverty as to place their children at service, or put them from their care while young. Even Captain Glover, indifferent as he was to the opinion of the world, would have felt disgraced had he not maintained his children. It was a wonder to many how he did it—but who ever knew a miller to starve! Notwithstanding the few customers to his mill, his children were fair and fat, and his pig throve, and his cow (or rather his brother's) always looked sleek. These things were set down, not to the captain's credit, but his daughter's, and she became the heroine of her own immediate neighbourhood, and her praise even reached the extremities of the two contiguous towns—quite a miracle for the fame of a woman. She had many heroine accomplishments to be sure: was fair as the fairest are described, sung sweetly, and cut bread and butter for her little sisters and brother, as gracefully as Werter's Charlotte; and all before she was seventeen.

Such was the girl who had captivated Albert Eaton, a graduate from Harvard, with all the pride of the college in his head, and the hope of eminence in the profession he had chosen, the law, in his imagination. Could he marry a poor miller's

daughter, who lived in a house resembling a salt-box? He probably never would have married her but for one lucky circumstance in the constitution of our laws—the militia system was all that gave him any hope of reconciling his parents to his choice of a wife.

Americans have two ardent passions; the love of liberty, and love of distinction. These passions mutually stimulate and increase each other; the enjoyment of equal rights, as citizens, giving every man a chance of becoming eminent, and that eminence being derived from living under a free government, the Americans are thus necessarily as ambitious of fame as they are tenacious of freedom. We have been often stigmatized as a money-loving race, and, I regret to say, the reproach is too true; but it is not to indulge in luxuries, that wealth is sought with such avidity. It is for the consequence which attaches to the possession of riches. Our people care little for their own comfort, in comparison with the estimation in which their means of comfort are held by others. To be convinced of this, travel through the country, and look at the style of building houses, and managing appearances. Every thing is conducted to make an impression on the beholder. Instead of neat, snug cottages, thoroughly finished, and sheltered by trees and shrubs, we meet, continually, great

"shingle palaces," standing plump in the highway, perhaps; and whether the interior be finished, is a matter of small consequence, provided a coat of white paint has been daubed on the outside, to catch the eye of the passing traveller. The man who inhabits it has the name of being *rich*, and that satisfies him he is comfortable. It is just the same with regard to public employments. Few individuals enter into public life, who would not be wealthier and happier as private citizens—but then they would not be known, would not see their names in the newspaper, except for raising a curious calf, or a mammoth cabbage; and so they sacrifice their ease, and often their estate, to be distinguished. Every office, from petit juryman to president of the United States, has its attractions for our ambitious citizens.

Captain Glover had been chosen an officer, partly for his good looks, but more for his good nature. He made a very popular captain, never troubling his company with much military manœuvring, and always treating well. Indeed, he had the honour of expending a considerable part of his small estate in the service, and never offered to retire till he had neither money nor credit to support the expense of his office. His patriotism was rewarded by bearing the title of *Captain* into his retreat; and, truly, those who would sneer at that warlike

prefix to a miller's name, have small reason to boast of their philanthropy or gallantry. That title was the inheritance of Captain Glover's children. The fair Margaret, notwithstanding her attractions of mind and person, never would have been received into the rich and proud family of Mr. Eaton, had it not been for her father's title; or, at least, if Albert had married her, his parents would scarcely have forgiven him and acknowledged her. But, aided by the distinction of being Captain Glover's daughter, the young man found means to introduce Margaret to a Mrs. Carlton, a particular friend of his mother's, who resided about twenty miles from the mill. Mrs. Carlton soon became exceedingly attached to this amiable girl; the worthy old lady, to be sure, was quite a stickler for respectability—but then she did not make wealth the criterion of merit. She kept Margaret as her companion, for a few months, and then took her to the city, and presented her as her peculiar favourite, to Mr. and Mrs. Eaton.

Mrs. Carlton had previously hinted of their son's attachment to a young lady under her care, and the parents had felt, that if she approved the match, it would be quite suitable. Of course, Mr. Eaton thought the young woman must be possessed of cash, or she would not be a *lady*—and when he saw her, her appearance and manners so charm-

ed him, that he willingly gave his consent to the union.

"To whom did you say that your son was engaged?" inquired Miss Perkins, as she called the morning after the affair had been made public.

"Oh! to Captain Glover's daughter; a lovely, accomplished young creature," replied Mrs. Eaton, with an exulting smile.

"And a great fortune, I presume."

"No, not a great fortune—but I always told Albert I did not care about the fortune of the lady he married. I only insisted she should belong to a respectable family," said Mrs. Eaton.

"She must have been carefully educated, and that I consider a fortune," said Mr. Eaton, senior. He had been charmed by her reading (she read beautifully), and by her industry at her needle. Margaret did appear well, for her judgment was matured by reflection, and the fine powers of her mind developed by that species of self-training which expands the heart and affections to the performance of duty.

Good sense and native ease made her appear to advantage in the splendid circles to which she was introduced, and Captain Glover's daughter was considered a model of propriety in manners as well as character.

There is nothing will make young women so

lovely and beloved as the strict performance of every duty devolving on them, in whatsoever station they are placed.

Had Margaret, depending on her personal beauty, set up for the fine lady, she would probably have been only the village coquette, and married at last some poor man; for though Albert was certainly fascinated first by her appearance, yet had he not found her mind so cultivated as to give him assurance she would appear well as his wife, his pride would have conquered his first fancy, especially when he had to seek her in such a house.

THE FATE OF A FAVOURITE.

"This, this is he—softly awhile—
Let us not break in upon him:
Oh! change beyond report, thought, or belief."
Sampson Agonistes.

LEWIS MERTON was a rich man's only child, and often pronounced, by all who visited at his father's, the finest boy in Boston. In personal appearance he was a fine child, and would have been an intelligent one, had he not been injured by the indulgence of his appetites. There is small danger of being starved in our land of plenty; but the danger of being stuffed is imminent, and yet hardly a thought is bestowed on the subject by those who direct the public sentiment. You may indulge any childish propensity with less injury to the intellect than that of gluttony.

Eating to excess constantly will deaden or destroy the energies of the mind, while those of the animal are increased, till the immortal becomes perfectly swinish; and yet many tender, delicate mothers, seem to think that to make their children *eat*, is all that is requisite to make them *great*.

But eating to excess was not the only temptation to which Lewis Merton was exposed. He was always allowed to come to the table, because he was an only child; and of course he could not fail to hear his father's eulogies on the good effect of a glass of brandy and water after dinner. Mrs. Merton eschewed brandy as a lady would do, but she took a little wine, for fashion's sake. Miss Temperance Merton was a maiden lady, with a pale, consumptive cheek, and her constitution could not endure either brandy or wine. She only sipped anniseed or clover-water. Lewis tasted of all. And in addition to these indulgences, his nurse always gave him gin and molasses for a cold; and his good grandmother insisted that the juice of wormwood, infused in rum, was the "sovereignest thing on earth" for worms. But, in justice to his taste, I must say that he never approved of her medicine.

Now, with all these temptations, is it strange Lewis became intemperate? or that he was, in consequence of being intoxicated, suspended for the term of six months, during his second year at Yale? His parents were bowed down to the dust with grief and mortification, but their sorrows made but little impression on their son. He had, by the indulgence of his appetites, been rendered that most revolting spectacle—a cold-hearted, selfish, sottish being, in the season of life when the

warm and generous impulses of soul and fancy should have been predominant. These impulses may run riot, and may produce evil consequences; but we feel even then that

> ——— "The light which led astray,
> Was light from heaven."

Mr. Merton endeavoured, by every means he could devise—some harsh ones—to correct the bad habits of his son; and his gentle mother wept over her dear Lewis; and while she told him repeatedly that he was her only hope, besought him not to break her heart by destroying himself. Had she only conducted his early training judiciously, all this sorrow and fear would have been spared her. Why are not mothers more careful?

The six months of disgrace were ended, and Mr. Merton ordered Lewis to return to Yale. He was furnished with money for his expenses on the road, his father determining he should have no more at command than necessary. But Mrs. Merton made her son a parting gift—she little dreamed it was to be a final parting. Lewis bade them farewell with perfect nonchalance; but instead of going to New Haven proceeded to Hartford, from there to New York, and then to Philadelphia. His father could never trace him farther: though a rumour that a young man answering to the description of Lewis

Merton was killed in a duel at Savannah, sent the almost distracted parent to that city. But the murdered youth proved to be the son of another, and so Mr. Merton felt some hope that Lewis might return. But two or three years passed without tidings, and he relinquished the hope. Mrs. Merton would not yet despair, though her trouble was fast wearing away her life. The only pleasure she seemed to enjoy was in acts of charity; and she was accordingly applied to often on behalf of the distressed. One case occurred during the spring of 1811, which interested her much, and for a time seemed to steal her from the contemplation of her own sorrows.

Application had been made to several benevolent individuals in Boston, on behalf of a lady who, it was stated, had come from New Orleans, expecting to find her husband in this city; but had learned here that he was dead, and in consequence she, too, was near dying.

There was a degree of mystery connected with her story, or all that could be learned, which excited much curiosity. Moreover, she was young and very beautiful, and the men who had seen her were vastly interested in her favour. The ladies were not so much dazzled by her charms; perhaps they reflect more carefully than do the men—how very fleeting are such advantages;—at any rate, the

personal beauty of one of their own sex never blinds their judgment to defects in character, and they were suspicious of the fair stranger. But, finally, Mrs. Merton, and a few benevolent ladies, who valued the life of a fellow-being more than the pleasure of pitying a maniac, exerted themselves so effectually, that the stranger was provided with a comfortable apartment, at a decent boarding-house in —— street. The landlady, Miss Bruce, was a worldly woman, shrewd, and somewhat shrewish, but she was not absolutely hard-hearted. She professed to pity the poor lady sincerely, and to be ready to oblige her in every way; she was glad she had an apartment she could spare for her accommodation—and she was glad, though she did not say it, that for the expenses of the first quarter she had ample security.

Mrs. Marie L. was the name by which the stranger was known. She would give no other name; nor would she give the address of any person at the South as her agent or acquaintance.

The story she told was simply this: she had parted with her husband about six months before, when he sailed for Boston, she agreeing to follow him after a certain time, which she accordingly did. That when she arrived here she went to the house where she had been directed, and was told her husband had never been there, but that a pack-

age directed to Mrs. L. had been deposited there some weeks, left by a man who appeared to be a sailor. On opening the package, Mrs. L. found it contained her husband's apparel, his watch and miniature, and a letter from a person signing himself Job Short, and stating that J. L. died on board the vessel in which he sailed from New Orleans, and that with his dying breath he had conjured him, Job Short, to convey the intelligence to Mrs. L., who would be found in Boston. Who this man was, or to what vessel he belonged, Mrs. L. did not know. These were some of the mysteries of the matter, and they gave rise to a variety of conjectures. It was thought strange Mrs. L. did not investigate the subject more thoroughly. Some people surmised her husband might have left money, which the sailor had appropriated to himself; and some pronounced the whole affair a hoax. But these last had never seen Mrs. L.—certainly they had never seen her weeping over her husband's picture, and holding his watch hour after hour, with her eyes rivetted on the movement of the hands, as if she were numbering the minutes that must intervene before she should meet him in eternity.

The affair awakened more interest at the time than we should now think it possible a friendless, pennyless wanderer could excite; but then it must

be borne in mind there was a mystery in the case. Who does not know the power of the mysterious to create the magnificent? There is nothing contemptible connected with a secret.

But weeks and months passed, and Mrs. L.'s story began to lose its novelty. No one, it is true, had discovered any thing amiss in her deportment, or indeed had discovered any more than her first appearance indicated, namely, that she was a beautiful, but broken-hearted young creature. Many were dissatisfied with her silence and mystery. They called her ungrateful for refusing to repose confidence in her friends; distrusted the purity of her motives—till, finally, she was neglected, and as more fashionable charities presented themselves, forgotten. All but Mrs. Merton and one more withdrew their names as contributors to her support at the expiration of the first quarter. These two continued their aid till the babe to which Mrs. L. had given birth, a few weeks after her establishment at her lodgings in —— street, was ten months old; they then informed their protegee that their duty to others rendered it impossible they could support her longer; recommended her to try what she could do with her needle—promised to assist her in the sale of her work, and bade her good morning.

It was one of those beautiful mornings in June,

that rise on the earth with calmness, after a long, dreary, easterly storm; to the sick or desponding, the smile of an angel could hardly be more welcome than such a bright day, following a week of gloom. Marie sat by her open window, which commanded a view of the harbour, and she was gazing intently on the sparkling waters, watching the vapours as they melted away, or rose upward like the curtain of a theatre, showing the green islands in all their variety of forms, with a distinctness of outline never observed after the sun has passed the meridian. Such a revealing of the beauties of nature, as the shadows of night and storms are rolled away from the earth, communicates a serenity to the mind; and rarely is a heart so abandoned to grief, as not to feel its soothing influence. The mind of Mrs. L. was probably buoyed up by the hope which the bland scene before her inspired, for she listened, without any apparent emotion, to the declaration of the ladies that they could assist her no longer; and she saw them depart, yet gave no symptom of feeling, except it might have been thought, that the fond caress she bestowed on her infant boy was prompted by the instinctive impulse with which the desolate-hearted cling to their last comfort.

"I declare I think we have done enough for that woman," said Miss Perry, one of the ladies. "How

cold and indifferent, even ungrateful, she appears, Mrs. Merton."

"I am not yet quite satisfied with myself," replied Mrs. Merton. "I know Mrs. L. does not appear so deeply affected by kindness as some do; but it is not always those who say 'thank you,' the most eagerly, that are really the most grateful for an obligation. Mrs. L. has doubtless enjoyed prosperity and the hope of a proud fortune, and to such there is a feeling of mortification attending the reception of charity, which often makes them shrink from the open acknowledgment of favours. But their hearts bless you." She added, after a long pause, "I wish I knew the history of Mrs. L.; if she is only unfortunate, I am half inclined to offer her a home in my own house, if it were only for the sake of her lovely babe."

"He is a fine child," said the other.

"O, yes—he reminds me often of my own; and he may now be an object of charity—poor Lewis! How tenderly he was reared! Ah! we mothers, when watching our little ones, and gratifying their every want, little think what hardships and sufferings they may be fated to endure. Poor Lewis!—he never had a wish unattended to. I used to indulge him in every thing. And now, perhaps, he is in want of all things."

She was endeavouring to dry the tears, that al-

ways gushed forth when she named her son, as Miss Bruce made her appearance.

"We have concluded we can do no more for your lodger," said Miss Perry.

"What in mercy will become of her, then? she can do nothing for herself," said the landlady.

"O, she must try," replied Miss Perry. "And, at the worst, she will not starve, you know, as there is provision made for all paupers."

Miss Bruce knew that well enough; but her pride and interest made it important that Mrs. L. should be supported at her house by the ladies, as she was thereby a gainer in money, as well as the credit of benevolence, in keeping the poor unfortunate stranger. So she determined to make an effort to interest Mrs. Merton still further in behalf of the sufferer.

"Poor soul! her heart will break if she is sent to the alms-house; for the other day, when I named there was a place where the poor and strangers were sent and taken care of, she shrieked, and said she would rather die in the street than go there. And when I urged her to tell the reason of her horror of the place, she said she had lately dreamed, three several times, of being in a large building, which they told her was a hospital; and that a lady, who resembled Mrs. Merton, came and took her babe away from her, and she thought she was

never to have it again. And she is so superstitious as to believe in dreams; indeed, she is just like a child herself; and how can she be otherwise—poor thing, only seventeen. And, she says herself, she has never done any thing, and does not understand any thing, only to play a little on the harp and work embroidery. I am really afraid she will die if she has to leave my house, for I have always been kind to her, and she feels quite at home with me. It seems unchristian to turn her away, yet I do not see how I can support her wholly at my own expense. There is her babe, too; and she cannot part with that—it would break her heart, for she loves her child as well as a rich mother would. She must keep her child; and if I was only rich, she should keep it."

Mrs. Merton was rich; she professed to be a Christian; she had been a mother, and the appeal came home to her heart. She beckoned Mrs. Bruce to her, and putting a fifty dollar note in her hand, said in a whisper, "take care of the unfortunate lady, and I will pay you."

One of the most distinguishing and beautiful features in the Christian religion, is its sympathy with human sufferings. It is throughout a system of charity, which would seem to imply that such a spirit will always, on earth, find exercise for its benevolence; and, therefore, that a perfect *equality*

of condition is never to be expected among men. Nor, unless human nature could be differently modified, is it probable such equality (if practicable) would make the world better or happier. The purest virtues and the noblest powers of mind are called into exercise by causes and emergencies which could not occur were there none poor, or weak, or dependent among mankind. Certain it is that, till the perfection of the "social system" shall make "all evil but a name," the world must prize highly those charities that alleviate misery, even though they may not all be performed from the single motive of doing good to others. We must not expect people will be wholly disinterested. The individual who does a kind action, has a right to expect, at least, such a recompense as the approbation of his own conscience will bestow, and this he cannot enjoy unless his generosity has been judiciously exerted. The charities thus performed are twice blest—they bind the rich and poor in fellowship: the poor is saved from despair, for he knows, should his own exertions fail, he has a resource in the compassion of his brother: the rich is prevented from glorying in the wealth of which he feels he is but the steward. And this divine philosophy of doing good, and being content, is taught by Christianity.

If those who profess to obey its laws only acted

consistently with such professions, "a Christian" would soon be "the highest style of man." The fault is not in the system, but in its followers, that there is any cavil respecting the beneficial influence of Christianity in the character of men. The religion of the Bible is so truly republican in its spirit, that our people should prize its truths as the basis of their happy government. Christianity does not, it is true, enjoin a perfect equality in temporal wealth, but it enforces the charity which provides for the wants of all; it represses pride, exalts the humble, and opens the gates of heaven to the poor as widely as to the rich.

These truths Mrs. Merton felt as she walked homeward; and they silenced all boastings. "I shall carry none of my wealth to the narrow house," said she. "This desolate young creature we have just left, will there be as rich as I."

"You are gloomy to-day," said Miss Perry.

"No, not gloomy, but rational. I am thinking of the disappointments of life; and how foolish it is to set our affections on the world. My poor boy! how I did build my hopes on him. I trust my heart is not all selfish, and yet so deeply am I affected by whatever reminds me of the wretchedness he may be suffering, that I never relieve a fellow-being without something like a prayer that my wanderer, too, may find mercy. It seems but

yesterday since he was in my arms; just such a fair boy as Mrs. L. now calls her's. She must love him, for he is her all; and she shall keep him with her. I have directed Miss Bruce to take care of them."

Miss Bruce did take care of them; but it was in that managing style which makes profit and the pretence of charity go hand in hand. She reasoned with herself, that if she informed Mrs. L. funds were to be furnished for her support, she might grow difficult to please; whereas, if she kept the money in her own hands, and provided for her lodger as if she were a dependant, no such difficulties would occur. And so she kept the money, and permitted Marie to think she owed her support entirely to the charity of her landlady. And the timid young creature became so fearful of offending Miss Bruce, lest she should lose the favour of her only friend, that she did not complain, though the servants frequently treated her with neglect and indignity; and she even refrained from eating enough to satisfy her appetite, because Miss Bruce so often repined at the expenses of her household. And when the gentle girl felt her strength daily wasting, she bore her pain and sorrows in silence, lest, if it were known she was indisposed, she should be sent to the hospital. Miss Bruce had all the advantage she could desire

to practice an imposition, for Mrs. Merton was absent; she had accompanied her husband to the South, and thence to Washington, where they were detained till the following February.

It was a few days after the arrival of the Constitution from her successful cruise in the Pacific, where her brave commander and crew had won such honours for their country's flag, that Mr. Merton and his lady returned to Boston. They found the people in the city in a tumult of congratulations and joy. Though the war was not in all parts of the republic equally popular, there was not an American heart but throbbed exultingly, when the gallant deeds of our naval heroes were the subject of discussion. Mrs. Merton heard the praises bestowed on the young officers with a feeling allied to envy. With Lady Randolph, she might have exclaimed—

"At every happy mother, I repine:"

And there were moments when her excited fancy would fashion strange visions. Might not her Lewis be engaged in defending his country, and striving by some noble act to wipe off the blot from his character? And might he not be successful, and finally return, covered with laurels? Sad and subdued as was her spirit, she caught the enthusiasm which hailed our navy as the defence and

glory of the country, and every thing connected with the navy became interesting to her feelings.

The United States' Marine Hospital had been for a number of years established at Charlestown; but so little importance had been attached to the institution, that it was hardly known, except to its immediate officers and managers. The propensity of the Americans, the Bostonians in particular, to be ardent in their zeal, is proverbial; their most inveterate foe would never accuse them of lukewarmness. They are always either hot or cold; and, in relation to the navy, the excitement was many degrees above fever heat. Among other plans to express the high esteem entertained towards the brave men who had so successfully met the enemy, it was named, in a party of ladies, that, if the war continued, it would be a good thing to have an association like the *Sœur de Charité* in Paris, to visit the hospitals and attend the wounded. The idea was particularly grateful to Mrs. Merton; she found her most tranquil hours were those devoted to doing good, and, while she envied mothers who had worthy sons, she felt a deep commiseration for those who had unfortunate or miserable ones.

"They tell me there has been about a dozen poor fellows removed from the Constitution to the Marine Hospital," said she to her husband—"and

that they are nearly all of them young men. I should like to go and see them; and perhaps we may do something to alleviate their sufferings. We can, at least, show that we pity their misfortune and honour their courage. Perhaps they all have mothers; and if I could, by assisting the son, save the heart of the parent from desolation"——

She did not finish her remarks; but her husband knew all that was in her mind, and he consented to go. They found several of the sailors suffering under terrible wounds, but their courage bore them "stiffly up"—their exulting boasts of the actions they had fought, and their eulogies on "*Old Iron Sides*," as their attendants said, were the chief subjects of conversation, and that they hardly made a complaint of the pain of their wounds; it was only the confinement from duty that they cared for. Mrs. Merton was conversing with the attending physician, as she slowly traversed the gallery to visit the room of the last invalid, when the doctor remarked that the patient she was about to see was dying with the consumption, brought on by intemperance. Whether the word awoke associations connected with her own son in her mind, or whether the instinct of the mother's heart whispered that it was he, we cannot know. Nature speaks often in a mysterious manner; it spoke to her, for, in the sunken, wasted, cadaverous, death-struck

features before her, there was no likeness to the handsome and almost haughty countenance, in young manhood's first glow, which she had engraven on her memory as the image of her child. Mr. Merton stood near the pallet, and was gazing compassionately on the poor wretch; he did not recognize his son—but the moment the eyes of Mrs. Merton met those of the invalid, she sent forth a shriek that thrilled through the nerves of all around, and rushing to the bed, she sunk on her knees, murmuring, "Lewis, dear Lewis, my son."

"My mother," he pronounced with difficulty, hiccoughing as he spoke.

"You forgive me then all the sorrow I have caused you, my parents," said the poor dying man, after he had taken a restorative. "There is another I would ask to forgive me. I have sinned deeply. I have betrayed innocence that trusted me—I have abandoned my wife!"

"Your wife! Lewis?"

"Yes; I stole a beautiful girl from her guardian, and married her against his consent, by which she forfeited her fortune. I soon grew tired of the restraint her presence imposed—I cared for nobody but myself; and I contrived a plausible story to persuade her to allow me to sail for Boston and obtain the forgiveness of my parents for my hasty marriage, before she should arrive. I had no in-

tention of going to Boston. I would not subject myself to any fear of restraint or advice in the career I was pursuing. I sailed for South America —but I sent a package, which, if my wife did proceed to Boston, would convince her I was dead."

"And what did you think would become of her?"

"I did not think about it, nor care much. She promised not to reveal the marriage without my consent, and she only knew me by the name of Lewis. I hoped the charitable people would provide for her; and if I was suspected of being the man she called her husband, her story would only confirm what I wished my friends to believe—that I was dead."

"Why should you wish to torture us with that fear?"

"Mother," said the dying young man—"mother, I would spare your feelings—perhaps I only am to blame. But since I have been confined by this sickness, and have been debarred from intemperance, I have reflected much on the causes that ruined me. And I felt that if you had not indulged my appetites so completely in my childhood, I should never have been so selfishly abandoned. And if my father had not checked me so sternly, when I only obeyed the impulses he had given to my inclinations, I should not have left

you. I was angry with you, my parents, for I felt as though I had been unjustly treated. You had made me what I was, and then you blamed me for my conduct. I know you did all for my good, but it was evil to me. Forgive me the griefs I have caused you, as I forgive you for the temptations to which you exposed me."

"And may God forgive us all," said the weeping mother—"but, Lewis, what was your wife's name?"

"Marie—Marie de Longueville."

Mrs. L. was immediately sent for; she came, exhausted and pale, but quite calm. Why attempt to describe the scene? The death of Lewis—the death-like swoon of his injured wife—the deep grief of the mourning parents!—yet there was a consolation to his mother, she had seen her Lewis, and she held in her arms his son. The infant she considered her own, and it was soon to be wholly consigned to her care. The poor Marie died the next day.

Mrs. Merton (the name is fictitious) would not like to be recognized; but she wishes to impress on the minds of the ladies, for whom my work is especially designed, two maxims: the first is, never to pamper the appetites of your child, nor, by your example, give the habits of the young a tendency to evil; the second, always obey, as far as possible,

the impulse of charity, when it pleads in behalf of suffering infancy. By neglecting the first, Mrs. Merton lost her son; by observing the second, she has gained her grandson, the youth who is now the comfort and support of her declining years, and who bids fair to be an honour to his country.

THE ROMANCE OF TRAVELLING.

We must travel, if we would be in the fashion. Men, women, and even children, are abroad to see the wonders of the grand canal, and the grander cataract. There is nothing like variety and change, for enlarging the mind, and furnishing subjects for conversation. Who can improve at home, where the same faces are seen, the same voices heard, and the same employments pursued, day after day, and year after year?

It seems, too, as if circumstances had almost inevitably designed us as a nation of travellers. We should be acquainted with our own country and people. It is only by such means, that errors will be corrected, prejudices removed, and that good feeling and liberality of sentiment cultivated, which are indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union.

What American does not wish it were in his power to examine his whole country? But to accomplish this, he must wend farther than ever did knight of chivalry in service of his mistress.

It may be doubted, however, whether the in-

dulgence of this passion for sight-seeing, is really conducive to happiness or mental improvement. Content is not found in the bustle of a stage-coach; nor does the power of steam, though hurrying on the progress of the car or boat, have any influence to quicken the faculties of the mind. The rapidity with which travelling is now conducted, prevents the tourist, unless extremely active and inquisitive, from gaining much information, except what may be called the technicalities of journeying,—such as the best routes to be pursued; the expenses; the fatigues and the privations. He gains little knowledge of the country beyond what he sees from the path he is traversing, or of the people, except it be the inn-keepers, which he might not have obtained at home, in much less time and with less exertion than his excursion has cost him. But then he has seen the world, and that he thinks adds to his consequence in the opinion of those poor wights, whom untoward circumstances detain within the vulgar precincts of their own state.

It must, however, be confessed there is, as yet, but little in our country to attract the sentimental traveller, or make any one, except a naturalist or a philosopher, linger on his way. The former would find an exhaustless source of speculation and amusement in the examination of our new world, still so rich in its first created beauty; and the latter would

rejoice to delay his steps to witness the exhibitions of human comfort on every side, and to seek the causes of those rapid improvements he sees, as it were, developing themselves around him. But he who goes abroad to awaken remembrances, or with the hope of feeling those strong emotions which are excited, when

"Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,"

may range from St. Croix to the Sabine, from the Connecticut to the Columbia, and with some truth cry "that all is barren." Barren, but not in historic or traditional recollections. Though the grand events which have occurred in America are few, yet they are of such a peculiar character, and in their consequences appear likely to be so stupendous, that they stamp themselves on the heart, the mind, with a strong and stirring moral interest, which is, with the exception of the events recorded in sacred history, not exceeded by any memorials of the old world. The barrenness, the vacancy, painfully felt by the traveller of taste and sentiment, arises from the want of intellectual and poetic associations with the scenery he beholds. Genius has not consecrated our mountains, making them high places from which the mind may see the horizon of thought widening and expanding around, over past ages,—they are nothing but huge

piles of earth and rocks, covered with blighted firs and fern; the song has not named our streams—they are only celebrated for affording fine fish, good mill-seats or safe navigation. No fairies nor lovers have made our valleys their places of resort; neither green rings or flowery arbours have been allotted to the one or the other; but fertile meadows and fair fields are famed for affording the cultivator very profitable crops. It is therefore that, though reason sees and acknowledges the abundance afforded by our soil, yet fancy calls it barren; and European travellers, accustomed to a land where every place and object has its real or romantic legend, would pronounce a tour of the United States insufferably dull, and its inhabitants destitute of taste.

And we are ourselves sensible of this lack of sentimental interest, of heart-stirring recollections, when viewing the wild and beautiful scenery of our country. True it is, that in this working-day world of ours, where every thing is intended to be graduated to the standard of common sense and equal rights, it would be very difficult, even for the imagination of genius, to give to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

But still we have reason to believe that such attempts will be approved. Illustrations of American character, scenery and history, are demanded

by the public; and who does not feel, that to fix a trait which shall be recognized as genuine, or a record that shall make one solitary place remembered, will be a reward for the effort? We want the light of song poured over our wide land, and its lonely and waste places "peopled with the affections." We want writers who can throw enchantment around rural scenes and rural life, and, like Burns,

> "Gar our streams and burnies shine,
> Up wi' the best!"

Great events or wondrous things are not necessary to furnish themes for genius. A "yellow cowslip," or a "mountain daisy," will be sufficient to waken the feelings, when hymned by the hand of a master. Marathon is not more the object of curiosity to the traveller of intelligence and taste than Lake Leman.

> ——————————"For the lore
> Of mighty minds, doth hallow in the core
> Of human hearts the ruin of a wall."

And who among my readers would not prefer, with the Lady of the Lake for a directory, a tour to "Ben-venue" and "Coilantogle ford," and "Loch-Katrine," rather than to explore the field of Waterloo, even though De Coster were the guide?

These observations are designed as the preface

of a "true" story which I relate, to throw, if possible, somewhat of a romantic interest over a path which those who have journeyed from Boston to Windsor, Vt., by the way of Concord, N. H., will readily allow has few real beauties to attract curiosity or reward fatigue. We will pass the first eighty miles, or thereabouts, without remark, as the traveller probably would, except that the characteristics of the country were truly New England—a rough but sterile soil, rendered interesting chiefly by those indications of persevering industry which unequivocally show that man has there obtained his allotted dominion over the earth.

To a reflecting mind no sight is more gratifying. There are grander exhibitions of human skill. A ship under sail is one of these. We gaze on the vessel, "walking the waters, like a thing of life," with curiosity, wonder, awe, and we are proud of the power of man. We look on a fine and highly cultivated landscape with a calm, contented, approving admiration, and we rejoice in his happiness. Storms and danger are connected in idea with the vessel; sunshine and security seem to rest on the landscape.

There is around a snug country-seat, where the neat white house looks forth from amid a group of trees and shrubbery, like a lady in her best; and the two barns, like buxom damsels in their work-

ing-day colour, keep modestly back; and the full-leaved, and fruit-covered orchard, comes sweeping down from the southern side of a green hill, while the walled fields are rich with the growing harvest, and cattle are in the pastures that stretch away to the mountains, from which the rills descend that swell the stream, sparkling in the valley. There is around such a residence an air of honest contentment, of plenty and independence, that always makes me glad. New England has not a rich soil, but its natural scenery is bold, variegated and beautiful; and where it is cultivated with a careful industry, directed by good taste, no part of our wide republic presents more charming landscapes. But the improvement (or beautifying rather) of the country, is slow. Our young men are eager to be rich and great. They despise the pursuit of their fathers—agriculture. They crowd our colleges and cities, and struggle to enter the learned professions, or become merchants or book-makers, imagining they shall then be gentlemen.

There will be, ere the republic continues another half century, a revolution in public sentiment respecting agriculture. If the people remain sovereigns of this fair country, they will not see the occupation, in which much the largest number of individuals are and must be engaged, degraded. Nothing is now requisite to make the station of the

agriculturalist as honourable as it is useful and independent, but that those who engage in it should possess intelligence. Only let our farmers educate themselves as they might do, and they would be inferior to no class in society. The country ladies must endeavour to promote that refinement of feeling and taste, which have such an influence in awakening the mind to exercise its powers. Young men of talents and education would then more willingly engage in a pursuit which is sure to give a competency to the industrious, and still leave them more leisure for mental improvement, than any other business that is not necessarily connected with study.

But unless a young man is a thorough-going and determined geologist, so as actually to love the faces of stones, I would not advise him to establish himself any where on the route from Hopkinton to Newport, N. H. It is a fine situation to study the character of the primary rocks, for the country looks as if a hail-storm of granite had been discharged thereon. There they lie, and probably have lain thousands of years, masses of moss-covered rocks and a multitude of stones, encumbering and nearly concealing the earth; and what is their use? is probably the first inquiry arising in the minds of nearly every person who views them. All that was created was pronounced *good*—so we

know the sterile as well as the fertile places have their appropriate advantages, and where granite rocks abound, there the traveller may always expect to find good water and "good air;" and where sufficient industry has been exerted, a good road. And the last, when passing through a country where nothing invites us to linger, is no small advantage. But Nature always exhibits some lovely scene, even in her rudest mood; such an one occurs unexpectedly, and therefore more welcome, on this road, when Lake Sunapee opens abruptly on the sight. The placid beauty of the blue waters, contrasted with the uncivilized scenery on which the eye has been resting, gives to the heart a sensation like that of suddenly meeting the smiling face of a friend, while making our way through a crowd of strangers.

Why is it that water, so monotonous in its characteristics, should nevertheless possess a charm for every mind? I believe it is chiefly because it bears the impress of the Creator, which we feel neither the power of time or of man can efface or alter.

"Such as creation's dawn beheld, *water*, thou rollest now."

Some one has called flowers the poetry of earth. They are only its lyrical poetry. Water is the grand epic of creation; and there is not a human

soul but feels the influence of its majesty, its power, or its beauty. Sunapee lake has the latter quality in a softened perfection, which, in some respects, hardly appears like the work of nature. Its shore, especially on the eastern side, is low and level, and defined, as far as the eye can reach, by a line of white sand, so uniform and unbroken, as to appear like a regular embankment to an artificial basin. There the water lies, calm as sleeping infancy, apparently so near the *brim*, that a shower might make it overflow. The country on the east rises gradually, exhibiting cultivated fields, that look soft and fair (partly from the distance which clothes them in colours of air), when compared with the rude scenery through which the road, having the lake on the east and Sunapee mountain on the west, winds for several miles.

Should a geologist, of the Huttonian theory, enter the narrow path, his imagination would probably travel back to the era of that awful convulsion, when, by the action of subterranean fires, the huge mountain, preceded by a shower of rocks and stones, which cover that region, was upheaved, leaving a granite basin for the reception of the cool waters which should there gather together.

The interest of the scene rests chiefly on the majestic mountain and the placid lake; yet here and there may be seen verdant knolls, shaded by a few

tall trees, or little quiet dells, which might tempt the sentimentalist to wish for a cottage (that perfection of romantic comfort), and "one fair spirit," and then dream how sweetly life would pass away on the shore of the quiet lake.

We have not many such dreamers in our bustling country. Profit, not peace, is the object of pursuit with us republicans. And the turmoil of the cataract, rather than the tranquillity of the lake, would be in unison with the spirit of American travellers.

There is a remembrance connected with the lake which may interest our stirring tourists, and admonish those (if there are any such) who are really in quest of a spot where they may hope to dwell in safety and retirement, that peace is not of this world. The borders of Sunapee offer retirement in perfection; but for safety, before deciding on that, look—no, you cannot see from the coach—but alight and search till you find, what seems an impenetrable wilderness of stumps, fallen and decayed trees, broken rocks and tall brambles; were not these intermingled, here and there, with an apple tree, which in our climate always denotes the agency of man, we might think no human footstep, except perhaps the hunter's, had ever penetrated that desolate looking place. Yet there was once a habitation in that valley. Peter Wood's house stood

where those large stones and (if you search closely you may find a few) those broken bricks lie.

Mr. Wood had built his house in that valley to screen it from the bleak winds, that during winter sweep across the frozen lake; but, by ascending the swell of land, about twenty rods distant, he commanded a fine view of the water and the eastern shore, and had that desideratum of society for a New England farmer—neighbours within sight. Though separated by the lake, they seemed near, when he could see their dwellings. And truly, his eye rested much oftener, and with more satisfaction, on those plain farm-houses, than on the wild wonders of the land, or the softening aspect of the water; thus proving, that neither the taste for natural scenery, or the love of solitude, had been the cause of his selecting that particular spot for his residence. In truth, it was neither; but a taste for fishing and the love of fine trout, for which the lake is famed. I state this with more pride, since the recent opinion of a refined British traveller has pronounced a voyage across the Atlantic to be well repaid by a breakfast on our shad. The ability fully to appreciate good fish is, we see, a mark of having been accustomed to "good society." I presume, therefore, none of my fashionable readers will consider Peter Wood otherwise than as a gentleman. Certain I am,

many gentlemen would have enjoyed extremely an acquaintance with him and a sail in his boat, when he went forth to fish, with a determination not to return without some good luck. His perfect familiarity with the science of angling was really wonderful, considering he had never heard of Izaak Walton;—but then he was an original thinker, and such do not need to have recourse to the rules of others; they are a law unto themselves.

I have said Peter Wood liked to angle; it was his passion, and he never felt more dignified than when he returned home with a fine mess of trout. But his triumph would have been incomplete, had none but himself known his success. Man was most certainly created a social being, and it is necessary to the enjoyment of prosperity, that there should be participants. We do not need a crowd to make us happy; but friends, or *one*—at least *one*—must smile, or the sensations will lose their perception, the heart its gladness, and the mind its energy.

Peter Wood had one friend—a wife whom he loved, and who was worthy of his affection; and that is saying all that is requisite in her praise. I never think it necessary to describe elaborately the charms and graces of a married woman, if I can say her husband loves her.

Well, Peter loved his wife and his infant child; and when he could prevail on Betsey to take the

baby and accompany him to a fishing-place, which was but a little way from their dwelling up the lake, he was happier, I dare say, than ever Bonaparte was with Josephine by his side; for they had no child. And when Peter had a good haul, how delighted he was to hold up the fish for his wife to view; and sometimes he would advance the struggling victim close to his little girl; and then both parents would smile at her fright, with as much "secret pleasure" as did Hector and Andromache, when their boy was "scared with the dazzling plume and nodding crest." O, happiness is made up of trifles—it is only the heart that invests them with importance.

One Sabbath afternoon, in the month of September, 18—, Peter Wood and his wife took a walk along the margin of the lake. They had, as usual, their little girl with them; the father thinking, that to walk without her in his arms was really loss of time. There is hardly a more heart-thrilling pleasure enjoyed by mortals, than that which parents feel when seeing their child first begin to "catch knowledge of objects." Byron, in his allusion to that bliss, of which he had been deprived, shows how fully he had sounded the depths of human feeling. Mary Wood was only eleven months old; but, from the circumstance of having been often abroad, as well as from that innate love

of freedom in the open air, which every living earthly creature seems to covet, she was in ecstacies with the excursion, and, her father thought, understood all that was said to her on the occasion. And he afterwards observed, "that the little creature then appeared to know so much, he felt fearful she was not long for this world."

The day was calm as sleep; not a cloud had been visible, and the thin white vapour, that was like melted light over all the horizon, seemed but the air resting in equilibrium;—not a breath moved the water or stirred a leaf. The stillness was so deep as almost to be melancholy; as if Nature had sunk to a repose from which she could hardly be awakened.

Our husband and wife sat down beneath the shade of a large fir-tree, and passed the time chiefly in amusing their child. They loved the scene around them, and yet it could hardly be said they relished or understood its peculiar beauties. Certain it is, they had never analyzed the sources of the satisfaction with which they gazed on the bright smooth waters, as contrasted with the broken and brown landscape beyond. Neither did they notice the adorning which the dark evergreen forest received, from being here and there interspersed with trees of a less sombre hue, particularly

the white birch; thus showing how much of beauty is owing to situation and contrast. There is hardly a more ugly native tree in our country, when standing singly and alone, than the white birch. Its thin, leper-like looking trunk, and scanty dingy green foliage, which early in autumn assumes a dirty yellow colour, cause it to be altogether disagreeable to the eye; and then the thought of the detestable fuel it makes—you may about as comfortably burn snow—sends a shivering disgust through the frame, very similar to what we feel on viewing an ugly reptile. But place that same birch amid a forest of firs, where we can just see its tall trunk, like a sunbeam, flashing through the dark foliage, while its leaves blend their softening tints above, and we call it a graceful tree, an ornament to the woods. So it is. And so there is an appropriate place for every thing and every person, a niche where all would appear to advantage. But all do not feel so contented to be happy there, as did honest Peter Wood and his wife. They, good souls, never dreamed but what the landscape appeared to others precisely as it did to them. With the lake came the thought of water and fishing; with the forest, of fuel and hunting; and with that lofty mountain, rivalling Ben Lomond or the Grampian hills in majesty,

was connected the idea of gathering whortleberries. And over all was the charm of familiarity —of home—that made it lovely.

Where ignorance is bliss, it really does seem folly to be wise. Who that has a heart would have wished to awaken Peter and his wife to the full consciousness of all the horrors which a cultivated and refined person would have felt in their situation? To live on with no object in view but just to procure enough to eat and drink, and live too in a place where the only advantage possessed was, that they dwelt in safety. This advantage they seemed to enjoy in perfection; for, unless the mountain toppled down headlong, what could occur to disturb them there in a place, bidding defiance, apparently, to that spirit of improvement, which works such astonishing changes in our land, and in whose train follow ambition, envy, covetousness, luxury, as surely as wealth, knowledge and taste.

But the storm was at hand—though not of human passion.

"It grows dark as night—is it sundown, Betsey?" said Peter, suddenly rising up.

She could not tell—but both felt that the darkness or deep shadow increased with uncommon rapidity. They hurried along the shore to the path that led to their dwelling—Peter carrying the child, which had fallen asleep, carefully, for fear of

awakening her, and his wife preceding him about ten steps. There was no wind felt, not a breath, and the water lay motionless; but, though calm, it was awful in its tranquillity; for, an "inky hue" was deepening and settling on its surface, and it looked, when a flash of lightning gleamed over it, and the flashes became frequent, more like black marble than water. And several times Peter, who was less agitated than his wife, thought he heard a low, deep sound, like a groan, that seemed to come from the recesses of the lake. When Mrs. Wood reached, through the narrow-wooded track, the top of the eminence that rose, as has been named, east of their dwelling, she stopped, and raised her hands high above her head, as if wildly frightened.

"What is the matter?" called out her husband.

But she did not reply; and when he reached the top, he did not need to repeat his question. Though a strong man, his knees trembled under him. What mortal would not tremble at the sight of the whirlwind approaching, as it were, in an embodied form? Nothing could be more terrible. The cloud that seemed moving towards them, with winged rapidity, was of a singular appearance; as it were, a thick sheet of darkness, black as a pall —the edges of which were tinged with a brassy hue; and in the midst was an appearance, in shape

like an inverted pyramid, whirling like the vortex of an eddying gulf, and sending out incessant and vivid flashes of lightning, which only prevented the horizon in the north and east from being dark as midnight.

There are no appearances or events in the natural world which men feel are so certainly connected with Almighty power, as signs in the air. "The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll," thought Peter; for he had read his Bible (almost the only book he did read), and he trembled, lest the end of the world was at hand. But deep must be the sin, suffering and despair, of that man, who does not feel a sense of safety connected with the idea of home.

"Home!—let us go home,"—said Peter Wood.

His wife started at the word, and they rushed towards the house as to a refuge. They reached it, and at the entrance Peter laid his little girl, still sleeping, into her mother's arms, in order to secure the doors and windows, as far as he could, to resist the fury of the coming storm. As yet, no gust, nor even a breeze, had been felt; the tempest, wrapped in the wings of the cloud, came on in silence; the moving darkness only giving warning that it was approaching.

Mrs. Wood, agitated and exhausted as she was, could hardly sustain the weight of the infant; and

she carried her to a bed, thinking the little creature would sleep easier there than in her arms. The mother laid down her child, covering her with care: and stooped, with the mother's blessing in her heart, to kiss the forehead of her darling. As her lips touched the soft face of her babe—she felt a rush, a crash that shook the building to its foundation—and then seemed to gather up, crumbling, tossing, whirling, scattering all like atoms in its fury—trees, rocks, timber, furniture, were mingled, and driven, and dashed against each other, in the vortex of the cloud, that rose and descended alternately; when rising, it discharged from its centre a shower of shivered limbs of trees, leaves, gravel, and other spoils of its ravage; then sinking, it again swept up, as in revenge, all that lay in its path, tossing the huge rocks, as though they had been marbles, heaving up the foundations of buildings, breaking down, splintering, overturning acres and acres of the forest that lay in its desolating course. There was no thunder accompanied it—no sound but the crash of the destroying, till the tornado entered the lake; and then the tremendous conflict of the wind and water might be known by the hollow roaring that was sent forth. The winds triumphed—the waters, boiling and foaming, were forced upward in the cloud, till the column seemed to touch the sky—laying bare the banks of the

lake, as though the secrets of the hidden springs were about to be revealed!

I have not time to follow the track of the tornado after it had passed the lake. A volume might be filled with the awful description—and the sufferings of those who were the victims of its fury, on the western shore; but I must return to that solitary family, who bore the first bursting of the storm.

Neither Peter Wood or his wife were injured; though how they escaped was wonderful. They were both lifted up by the power of the wind, and carried across a field and over fences, amidst the driving and dashing fragments of ruin contained in the cloud; yet they came to the earth without wound. But their Mary, their sweet babe—where was she? The gown of the tender sufferer was found on the borders of the lake, close by the spot where she had been playing during the afternoon—the bedstead on which she lay was found nearly a mile distant in the woods, in an opposite direction from the general track of the wind. But her body was never found. Whether her little form was reduced to atoms by the grinding storm, or thrown by the wind into the lake, or carried into the wilderness, is a secret the last trumpet only can reveal.

The parents looked on the destruction of their

dwelling with indifference, when compared with the desolation their hearts felt in the loss of that child. They were surrounded with ruin. A few stones marked the site of their late residence; a broken chair, a bureau without drawers, and a few articles of hollow ware, was all that remained of their property.

Reader, should you ever sail down the Ohio—you may, if you please, see a small yankee-looking house, in a retired nook, a little way from the margin of the river. And then, if you see in a boat, not far from the shore, a square-built, spare-boned, black-bearded man, angling with that deep abstractedness which proves the devotee in his art, —that man is the original of Peter Wood. Should you address him by that name, he might not answer to the cognomen—but what's in a name? He will confirm the truth of my story, except, perhaps, in some trifling particulars respecting himself and wife. And he will describe the tempest as more terrific than I have done. He will tell you that his infant was swept away; and that he never could endure the thought of again casting a line into the water where she might be slumbering; that he could not bear to eat the fish of the lake, for fear they might have been fattening on the flesh of his child —and so he removed to the Ohio.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE HEART.

"The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power;
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower."

Our good ancestors were wise, even in their mirth. We have a standing proof of this in the season they chose for the celebration of our annual festival, the Thanksgiving. The funeral-faced month of November is thus made to wear a garland of joy, and instead of associating the days of fog, like our English relations, with sadness and suicide, we hail them as the era of gladness and good living.

There is a deep moral influence in these periodical seasons of rejoicing, in which a whole community participate. They bring out, and together, as it were, the best sympathies of our nature. The rich contemplate the enjoyments of the poor with complacency, and the poor regard the entertainments of the rich without envy, because *all* are privileged to be happy in their own way. Yet enjoyment does not always imply happiness. There is a disposition of mind which cannot, by any sin-

gle word in our language, be expressed. Philanthropy will best signify it; yet its influence is so different, as displayed in different situations, that it is called, alternately, contentment, charity, resignation, fortitude and love. These are all but modifications of the desire to diffuse happiness—a spirit that leads us to rejoice with the joyful, to cheer the unfortunate, and always to look on the sunny side of our path, gathering flowers where the repining (usually the selfish) would see only thorns and gravel.

It takes but little to make one happy when the heart is right: but a repining disposition never yet enjoyed a Thanksgiving. There is always some accident or occurrence that mars the festival. The turkey is over-roasted, or the sermon has been too long; or, perchance, the ball-dress of a young lady has not been sent home; or the hair-dresser has failed in finishing the beau;—many are made wretched by trifles light as these. But the heart is not in such troubles. It is sheer selfishness that makes the grief and vexations of which two-thirds of the world complain. It is chagrin, not sorrow, people feel; and they endure it, because they will not cultivate the disposition to be happy. I always consider good examples much more beneficial than wise precepts; and the example of Margaret Lowe was full of instruction to her sex, in that kind of

excellence which was the object of the heathen philosophy, and is now of the Christian religion, namely, the excellence of being happy.

Margaret was one of those favoured persons whose wealth of hope had seemed inexhaustible. Hume remarks that this temper is more to be coveted than an income of ten thousand a-year; and certain it is, that many possessed of that sum are not so happy as was Mrs. Lowe, when deprived of all but *hope*. The father of Margaret was once a rich man, but in consequence of becoming surety for a friend he was stripped of all his property, and thrown into jail, where he died.

What a reward to the benevolence that prompted him to assist his friend, and which did, in fact, give thousands to the very men that oppressed him! There is a defect in our free institutions, or the rights of the individual would not thus be trampled, and his feelings, and those of common humanity, outraged. Margaret then learned a lesson of resignation she never forgot. It was from her mother. When a mother's example and precepts exactly coincide, what a powerful effect they have on her child!

"Your father is dead, Margaret," she said, "and he died in prison—but not in disgrace. The misfortunes that befal us in our attempts to do good, should never be regarded as troubles to repine at

or regret: they are only sorrows, and then we should always study to be resigned. Had your father wronged his friend, or been guilty of a dishonourable action, we might with propriety have indulged in mourning and despair. But such gloomy feelings ought only to be cherished by the guilty; and we will thank God that your father was kept from the temptation to evil—that he died innocent."

The mother and daughter knelt down together, and the prayer they breathed was not *all* complaint. Margaret was handsome and portionless.

"It is best for you, my dear, to be without a fortune," said her mother. "You will not now be addressed by any man who does not really believe you will make him a good wife. It will be in your power to fulfil such an expectation; whereas, had you wealth, your husband might expect more happiness from that than he would ever have enjoyed. Riches are always over estimated; the enjoyment they give is more in the pursuit than the possession."

It was by such instructions, always given in a kind tone, and with a cheerful countenance, that the mind of Margaret was developed; and when she gave her hand to Thomas Lowe, a fine young man in the employment of a company of merchants trading to South America and the East Indies, she

was possessed of every requisite to be beloved as a bride, and better still, of the qualities which secure esteem for the wife.

Mr. Lowe was not rich, but he was of a good family, and had enough to begin the world with all the eclat necessary to entitle him to a place in select society; and for a few years Margaret not only mingled in the first circles, but in accordance with her husband's taste, which, it must be confessed, was rather too much addicted to show, she was a star in the galaxy of fashion. He was unwise in this, but then he was not selfish in his extravagance. He thought his wife would be happier to be thus distinguished; and she did enjoy it, but it was only because it appeared to gratify him; and when he was about taking his last voyage, which he expected would detain him eighteen months, she begged to retire to the village of Dorchester, where she and her mother had resided, and pass the time of his absence in quiet. He accordingly took a pleasant cottage, and left her in the possession of every elegance money could command. But he did not calculate for contingencies; he did not expect his voyage would prove unfortunate. How few that are in health, and rich in hope, do arrange either their estates or their minds to meet calamity!

Margaret's mind was, in some measure, prepared; and well for her that it was; for before the

eighteen months had expired, news came that the vessel in which her husband sailed had been wrecked and lost, and many of the crew had perished.

Her husband, however, she learned, had escaped; but nothing further concerning him. Another year passed, and Margaret had exhausted the funds her husband had provided for her support; though these had been, for the last few months, very prudently managed. She had three children—the youngest born after her husband's departure. How was she to be supported—herself and three children? Her mother was dead—she had no relations. The subject was the talk and wonder of her fashionable acquaintance; for she was a delicate woman, and her husband had always been tender of her, as though she were the apple of his eye. True, he had not been exactly economical, had not studied thrift, but he had studied her gratification; and did his kindness and generosity deserve to be repaid by the treachery of affection she would have manifested, had she made no effort to prevent sinking to that state of dependence which must have been so painfully felt by him when he returned?

Margaret had a true woman's heart; willing, indeed proud, to depend on the man she loved, and who had vowed to protect her; and she had also a delicacy (or pride) in her affection for him, which

would not permit her to complain, or to solicit assistance from others, lest some implication of bad management, or neglect of his family, might be cast upon her husband. The dignity and decision of her character were now unfolded, and the resources within her own power of performance exerted; and she was never so self-satisfied, never happier, even when in the height of prosperity and fashion, than now, when she plied her needle for hours after every light in the neighbourhood was out: and then lay softly down beside her sleeping children, confident that she had earned enough that day to buy them food for the morrow. Her two eldest boys were of an age to comprehend her when she talked to them of their father. They soon caught her enthusiasm; and to have every thing nice and in order when their father returned, for she confidently expected his return, stimulated them to do a thousand things they would otherwise have thought a task. And then at school, how diligently they studied, because they studied with all their hearts.

"If you learn your lesson well, my love, you shall say it to your father when he comes home," was, from their mother's lips, sufficient to arouse either of them, whenever they seemed yielding to that mental indolence which at times will nearly overcome the energies of the most intelligent chil-

dren. And then, instead of playing, they worked every spare hour in their little garden, planting seeds and flower-roots, and watering them with as much zeal in the rain as the sunshine, that they might grow the faster, and blow by the time their father came home.

They expected him so confidently in the beginning of summer, that not a rose was allowed to be plucked from the large bush which grew near the door, and which they wanted he should see in full bloom. Even the baby knew that bush was kept for papa—and would point with his little hand to the garden, when asking for a flower. These trifling incidents had a sweet and comforting effect on Margaret's mind. They confirmed her more and more in the resolution to support her children till their father came home; and she felt the enjoyment of their innocent society, their sympathy, was a pleasure for which the world could offer her no substitute. Happiness is, in truth, a very cheap thing, when the heart will be contented to traffic with *nature—art* has quite a different price.

But the summer passed away, the roses were gone, and still the wanderer did not return. The villagers began to talk seriously to Mrs. Lowe about her children. They told her she never could maintain them all,—never could bring up boys as they should be brought up; and that it was

her duty to place her children with those who would take them.

Mrs. Lowe scarce ever wept, but at these solicitations. When the zeal of her well-meaning, but often injudicious friends, urged upon her their opinion that her husband would not return very soon, if at all—that it was impossible she could maintain her children, and that she was wearing herself out in the attempt, she would weep bitterly. But the moment she was alone, her confidence and cheerfulness returned. She felt certain then—when there was no one by to damp, by a slow shake of the head, or a sad glance of the eye (I dislike a shake of the head the most), the ardour of her feelings—that Thomas would soon return; and then how glad he would be to see how the children had grown, and how they had improved; and that *she* had taken care of them.

It requires but a few threads of hope, for the heart that is skilled in the secret, to weave a web of happiness. It is true, Margaret altered the figures of her web as often as Penelope of old, but the latter never laboured more perseveringly to delineate the proud achievements her husband had performed, than did the former to persuade herself of the excellent things her Thomas would yet do.

But this was not to last. Early in October, news of the death of Thomas Lowe reached the village. Margaret was for some days incredulous; but the source from whence the intelligence was derived, seemed to admit little room for doubt. There was not a person in the town at all surprised by the news. Every one affirmed that they had for months been confident he was dead: and they wondered Margaret had not foreseen and prepared for it—wondered that she should be so overcome. They knew not what treasures of the heart, what rich fancies had been destroyed, rent, seemingly from her very grasp, by the blow. She had connected every bright vision of the future with her husband's return; and the affection of the mother could not immediately gather up the fragments of her shattered hopes, and mould them anew, to fabricate fair destinies for her little ones. But she did do this. And she saw her sons handsome (but that they were in reality) and intelligent, and respected, and rich. Truly the heart has a deep and wonderful power. Does it not seem cruel that stern fate should so often destroy those illusions which are giving happiness to virtue, and connecting success with exertion?

Margaret had one sorrow, which she did not dare to ponder, for she felt yet unequal to devising

means to escape it, or of summoning fortitude to endure it. It was the thought how her children were to be supported, for she had not anticipated that she must always do it. From this idea she shuddered and shrunk as from a drawn sword. But these feelings had a salutary effect. They brought her more and more to see how impotent would be her own efforts; till she finally cast all her cares on Him who is peculiarly pledged to sustain the widow and fatherless. Her warm heart and enthusiastic mind seemed fitted to enjoy, in devotion, all that happiness which hope gives—when it gives us heaven. The earth—I have no disposition to rail at our planet, or undervalue its blessings—but the earth is a poor, barren place, when we are, in our wishes and hopes, confined entirely to its chances and changes for our felicity.

> "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
> And multiply each by endless years,
> One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

There are few sensations more painful, than, in the midst of deep grief, to know that the season which we have always associated with mirth and rejoicing is at hand. The contrast of our former with our present situation, is then brought home to the

heart so forcibly, so acutely, that we must mourn. Margaret felt this depression as the day appointed for our annual Thanksgiving approached, and it seemed as if her eyes were a fountain of tears. Her neighbours pitied her—they did more, they strove to console her; and many an invitation for her and her children to dine, and spend the day abroad, was urged upon her. But she said she could not go—her heart was too full of sorrow to permit her to witness happiness—enjoy it she could not; and she begged to be allowed to stay in the solitude of her own home, where she could indulge her feelings without dampening the mirth which the happy and fortunate had a right to enjoy.

Her friends saw she was decided, and forbore to urge her; but they made the festivities of the season an excuse for sending her a variety and abundance of good things—indeed, nearly enough to stock her larder for the winter. The kind and considerate manner in which these favours were bestowed, and their seasonableness, affected Mrs. Lowe with a deep sense of the protecting care of God, who had thus, as it were, touched the hearts of all the people in her behalf. She renewed her resolution to be resigned. She strove to conquer the weakness of grief, to which she had for some days been yielding; and she was so far successful,

that, on the morning of the Thanksgiving, she appeared with a placid, almost smiling face, and her children, who watched her countenance, and took the tone of their feelings from her's, were as gay as birds.

She prepared herself and her children for their dinner with all the exactness in her power. Her mourning habiliments made the delicacy of her complexion appear almost transparent. There are but few women that look well in black: Margaret did. It seemed to remedy the only fault which could have been found in her figure—namely, height. She was short, but black apparel always makes a woman look taller than she really is; and Margaret's symmetrical form appeared to fine advantage in her black gown; and her round, white neck, from beneath the folds of her crape handkerchief, seemed like a sunbeam from a cloud. Sorrow had touched her fair cheek, but it was only with its softening power; the blight had not yet fallen. Margaret was pale, but not wasted—anxious, but not careworn; for her troubles had only weighed heavily during the last six weeks. But still the change in her appearance was so apparent that many who saw her were astonished. The sickness of the heart soon and surely displays itself in the countenance—

"Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair."

Was Margaret destined thus to struggle with adversity, and fade, and wear away in her efforts to support her children? She was beginning to hope better things, for she was naturally inclined to be happy. As she arrayed her little ones in their new suits, the wearing of which make, in most families, an indispensable part of the privileges of the day, and arranged their bright glossy hair, she thought there was not three lovelier children in the world—nor three better—and why should she complain? There was poor Mrs. Horton had an idiot child, and Mrs. Pool a deaf child, and Mrs. Savage a blind child, and some of her neighbours had sick children, and some had disobedient children—"But mine," said she to herself, "mine are all good and healthy, and happy; and they can learn, yes, they can learn—and I will teach them all I can, and, by-and-by, they will begin to help themselves. O, how many blessings I have to be thankful for! And I *am* thankful." And she burst into tears.

Margaret Lowe's next neighbour was Mrs. Savage. She was a kind woman (notwithstanding her name), and, when her dinner was nearly ready, she said to her daughter Jane—

"My dear, I wish you would just step over to Mrs. Lowe's, and see if you can persuade her to come and dine with us—she must be so lonely there;—if Mr. Cummings (he was Jane's intended) would accompany you, and assist in helping the children along, I cannot but think she would come."

The young lady and her lover very willingly obeyed. She pitied Mrs. Lowe from her heart, because she was herself about to be married to a lieutenant in the navy; and who knew but he too might die, far, far away from his home, and leave his wife, like Margaret, to mourn! Such thoughts always came home to Jane's heart, when she heard Mrs. Lowe mentioned. As for William Cummings, he had been intimately acquainted with Mr. Lowe—had sailed several voyages with him, and acknowledged one obligation from him which he said he should never forget. What the service was he had never told; but, as he alluded to it during their walk, Jane ventured to inquire.

"I cannot tell you, Jane," said the young man—"we were engaged in an adventure which we promised never to reveal without the consent of each other. And though now the matter might safely be told, yet, as I never had his consent, I never can reveal it."

"But he is dead," said Jane.

"That does not release me from my promise, love. I vowed never to tell it without his consent."

"Ask his wife, then," said Jane, smiling. "She and her husband were both one, you know,—if she consents——"

Lieutenant Cummings was ringing at the door of Margaret's house, and did not listen to the conclusion of his Jane's argument. No step was heard approaching the door, and after a moment's pause, Jane, being in the habit of calling often, entered without ceremony, and, passing through the entry, threw open the door of the small room, where Margaret usually sat with her children.

"Good heavens!—her husband," cried Jane.

"Ah! it is indeed Lowe!" said lieutenant Cummings.

And so it was. And a happier group was never seen. There was Mr. Lowe, his two eldest boys, one on each knee, with their bright cheeks laid close to his sunburnt face. They both remembered, or thought they remembered, their father. But the little one was more shy. He clung to his mother's neck, and, as Jane and her lover entered, Mrs. Lowe, who had been trying to persuade Charley to kiss papa, had so far succeeded, that the

child had raised his head from her bosom, and she was holding him towards her husband, her own sweet face all radiant with smiles, though tears were swelling in her bright blue eyes;—but tears of joy have a very different effect from those of sorrow.

"What a lovely woman Mrs. Lowe is," said Jane, as she and her lover were wending their way home; "and she will be so happy now, for she has a heart made for happiness."

"It will be a real Thanksgiving of the Heart to them, or to her," said Lieutenant Cummings.

"And why, in particular, to her?" inquired Jane.

"Because she has sought her happiness in the performance of her duties—in the cultivation of the benevolent affections—in making others happy. When such exertions are crowned with success, I cannot think earth has a more perfect felicity for the human heart."

Would that all who celebrate our annual festival, might enjoy such felicity. And who that has ever *sought*, has failed to obtain it?

> "Many are the sayings of the wise,
> In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
> Extolling patience as the truest fortitude.

But with the afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feels within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold."

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

"Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summit would'st thou scale?
Check thy climbing step elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait,
While cheerful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among."

Burns.

Dick Woodcock was the only child of a respectable farmer, living in one of the interior counties in the state of New York. The father was a practical agriculturalist, in the true definition of the term; that is, he *practiced* himself the theories he recommended to others; and in guiding a plough, or in wielding a scythe or sickle, few in the neighbourhood equalled, none excelled him. He was also famed (and why need fame be appropriated to the hero or poet only?) for keeping his estate in thorough repair. Not a furlong of fence was wanting, not a board hung endwise from any of his numerous buildings, nor was an old hat ever seen protruding its unmannerly crown through a casement in his snugly-planned and comfortably-finished habitation.

The consequences of such industrious thrift may easily be divined. He was prosperous, respected and happy. Dick was his only child—a fine-looking, noble-spirited boy he was—the pride of his parents, and a pattern for all the little boys in the village where he dwelt. He was up with the robin in the morning, and you might hear his whistle as gay as its song, while he followed and emulated his father's industrious movements through a long summer day.

Many there were who advised Mr. Woodcock to send his boy to college; and, to confess the truth, his paternal pride would have been gratified with the eclat of a liberal education for his son. But he finally abandoned the scheme, partly because he had the good sense to discover (and this he did without knowing a word of phrenology, which shows that the truth of the science may exist without the theory being understood) that his son had not the developments of a natural-born genius; but chiefly because he could not bear to think his excellent farm would be, at his decease, transferred to the possession of strangers. He knew this must probably be the case, should his son become a scholar; and indeed his father would not have desired him to return to the plough with all his college "honours thick upon him."

Mr. Woodcock was a patriot of the old school,

loving his country as he did his religion; because he thought both the best, without expecting, for his faithfulness, worldly honour or emolument—asking favours of none, save Heaven—esteeming an honest man the noblest work of God—and an independent American farmer as the most enviable of all beings on the face of the earth. Thus he lived, at peace with himself and with all men; and when he died, his eulogium was the tear of unaffected sorrow for the loss of a useful citizen, and a pious Christian.

Dick was just nineteen when his father died; but he wrote himself a man, and was so considered by all his acquaintances. And none of those prophecies of ruin to a fine estate, which are so often breathed forth when the accumulator is laid in the dust, were uttered on this occasion.

"He is gone," said Colonel Piper, "but he has left a worthy son, who will tread in his father's steps."

"Ay, ay," rejoined Dr. Soda, "there'll be no falling off, I'll warrant ye. Dick will keep the body of his estate sound; he'll not hurry the circulation, as some young heirs would."

"Mr. Woodcock began the world with little or nothing," said squire Stapleton, "and he has left property worth at least $10,000; if Dick makes as

good improvement, he will soon be the richest man in town."

"And he is now one of the steadiest," interrupted deacon Church. "I always see him at meeting o' Sundays, and I never heard him accused of a vice, or even folly."

The ladies, too, were unanimous in their praises of Mr. Richard Woodcock; each remembering and retailing some anecdote of his cleverness and intelligence; and all rejoicing that his widowed mother, in her hour of bereavement and sorrow, had such a prop on which she might lean for support.

The young ladies might, perhaps, have felt rather self-interested in his possessing a character as fair as his estate, had they not been deprived of all hope of obtaining such a prize: but they well knew the young and handsome heir was already engaged. And had not Chloe Harris been one of the best girls in the world, her flattering expectations must have excited envy among her associates. But Chloe was so sweet-tempered, so unpretending, so dutiful and industrious at home, and so obliging to her friends, that her superior beauty, and even the superior fortune to which she seemed destined, were thought but the reward of her merits.

Dick and Chloe had been companions from infancy, and had loved before either ever read a

novel, describing the causes and symptoms of the tender passion. Their affection was, therefore, the dictate of nature, pure as her zephyrs, and sweet as her roses; no vanity was flattered in their preference for each other; no caprice indulged in their intercourse; each "loved and was beloved," and the completion of Dick's majority was assigned for their union—for ever. Alas! that the demon of Chance should blast this fair prospect of happiness.

In an evil hour Dick became possessor of a Lottery Ticket; and if the motive could ever hallow such a purchase, it would seem as if his must have been laudable. He purchased it as an act of humanity. A poor man, whose wife was sick and in need of many necessaries, came to him, and relating the story of his wants and woes, produced the card of fortune, which he, it seems, had won at a game of bowls, and begged Dick to purchase it. Dick's feelings were compassionate—he would willingly have afforded relief to the suffering woman without any reward; but he knew the man, even should the ticket be a prize, would not be benefited by the windfall, as his habits were not good, while the ten dollars would most probably be applied to make his family comfortable, in the exigence which really seemed to have touched his heart with sorrow, and his conscience with com-

punction. So Dick paid the money and took the ticket; and repeating three several times to himself, "It will certainly draw a blank," he deposited it carefully in his pocket-book.

However my young hero might flatter himself with being perfectly unconcerned in the result of the experiment, there was, that evening, a restlessness in his feelings which he had never before experienced; and when he laid himself down to sleep, a thousand busy schemes and wild fancies floated on his imagination. Golden dreams hovered over his pillow; gay visions seemed beckoning him to bowers of pleasure, and he awoke in a state of fevered excitement, that, although it might presage happiness, was very far from deserving that epithet. He had now a new theme for speculation, and the possibility of obtaining a prize rendered information concerning the management of lotteries far more necessary and important than the cultivation of his farm. Even his visits to his beloved Chloe were shortened; yet he intended fully to repair his negligence when he could surprise her with the tidings of his good fortune, and call on her to assist him in forming plans for the enjoyment of his wealth.

Ah, dear deluding Imagination! How lofty are thy structures; how unclouded thy horizon; how placid thy waters; how enchanting thy landscapes!

Who, beneath thy influence, can believe a word, a look, a breath, will dissolve such magnificence, darken such brightness, disturb such tranquillity, or deform such loveliness! But, Imagination, thou art a false meteor, and whoever quits the steady way of reason to follow thy delusive light, will find a faithless guide—it glitters but to betray.

The important drawing was, at length, after various delays, completed, and Dick received a confirmation of his sanguine hopes. He had drawn the prize! the highest prize! $50,000!! Ah, Pleasure, canst thou come in a brighter form than in the golden shower?

Well, I say nothing of Dick's feelings on this occasion—they were too sublime for description; but his friends congratulated; the world (by this term I mean all who ever heard of Dick or his good fortune) talked, and wondered, and envied; and about five hundred tickets, in the "Second Class," were immediately purchased, mostly by young men in that village and vicinity; the purchasers all sanguine in the hope of obtaining a similar prize. What a mercy that they were all disappointed!

Dick had now become lord of himself; and, according to previous arrangements, should have been married to Chloe Harris. But he postponed the wedding till he had visited the city and secured

his riches. "Wealth maketh many friends," said Solomon, and our golden-fledged hero fully proved the truth of the apothegm. The gentlemen to whom he was introduced in the city, lavished on him expressions of attachment, and offers of assistance: cards and compliments gratified his vanity; *déjeûners* and dinners his appetite, till the parade and pleasures of the commercial metropolis made him think the pursuits of a country life "weary, stale and flat," indeed, if not "unprofitable."

There was one young merchant, by the name of Ashton, to whom Dick became particularly attached. Ashton was gay, intelligent, and insinuating; and it is not wonderful a young and inexperienced heart should be deluded by his fair seeming. He soon perceived the ascendancy he had gained over the mind of Dick, and employed it to convince him that a life passed in the retirement of the country must be monotonous and miserable; and that, to insure himself permanent felicity and an immense increase of wealth, it was only necessary to enter into partnership with him, Mr. Augustus Ashton, and fix his residence in the city. His artifices were ingenious, and arguments specious—that they were deceitful and unsound the event proved: but perhaps, under like circumstances, older and wiser men than Mr. Woodcock might not have discovered their fallacy.

Ashton introduced him to his sister. She was very pretty, and highly accomplished—that is, she dressed elegantly, danced gracefully, and played divinely. Dick loved music, naturally—he had never read Shakspeare, and knew nothing descriptively, about the "concord of sweet sounds," yet his ear delighted in harmony, and he had, for several years, been esteemed the very best singer in his own village meeting-house. But such airs—such symphonies, he had never listened to before! Oh! when the fair Belinda Ashton touched her instrument, his very soul seemed to thrill, and was indeed "wrapped in Elysium!"

There was, at this time, but one circumstance which prevented Dick's felicity from being perfect; and that was such a trifle that I am almost ashamed to mention it. But somehow, trifles do form our happiness, and trifles will make us miserable;—he had become disgusted with his *name*. Woodcock!—it was not a romantic or heroic name, to be sure, but it had always sounded well enough in the rustic place in which it was his lot to be born, and where he might have lived and died without discovering its uncouthness. Now such bliss of ignorance was denied him, for he had, one fatal evening, overheard two city ladies repeating it with peculiar accents of ridicule. He never afterwards could endure it; and on disclosing to

Ashton the cause of his inquietude, that faithful friend assured him it might easily be removed. An application to the legislature for leave to alter his name was all that was necessary.

Now was the fancy and taste of Miss Belinda Ashton exercised and displayed, in selecting a name for the friend of her dear brother. It would require a volume to record all the consultations held concerning this important matter. Novels were ransacked, characters compared, sounds and syllables criticised. The labours of Webster, when tracing the etymology of *bridegroom*, would have yielded in intensity to this name-seeking research. Finally, *Beaumont* was the fortunate name which had the honour of receiving the preference. Ashton posted, forthwith, to Albany, where the legislature was, providentially (as Dick thought, though he did not dare to allude to such a cant word as *Providence* in the presence of Belinda), then in session, to expedite the alteration; and Dick hastened home to arrange his affairs, and prepare for a permanent residence in the city of New York.

He still intended to fulfil his engagements with Chloe Harris; yet there were several reasons which urged a further delay. He wished to settle in business, and acquaint himself more fully with the customs of the city, before introducing his wife

into such stylish scenes; and he sometimes wished, though he shrunk from expressing it, that she could become more accomplished before making her debut. There was a strife between his newly-awakened vanity and his early affection, which the woman who loved as Chloe did, could not fail of perceiving. It wounded her to the heart—and when he saw her sorrowful, his first feelings of tenderness were awakened, and he would dwell on the scenes of happiness which awaited them, with all the lover's enthusiasm; but when, in the ardour of his passion, he pressed her hand, another vision arose. He sighed while he lamented that she had never been taught to awaken the piano. "It would now be vain to attempt it," said he; "you have, my dear Chloe, been obliged to work so much, that your hand would never be quite pretty enough for display; nothing looks so lovely as a soft, white hand, when just touching the keys with a motion that gives the fingers the appearance of glancing sunbeams."

From that evening Chloe despaired of ever making him happy. However, she listened to his promises of a speedy return, without exhibiting any distrust; and it was not till after he had departed for the city, that she wept in bitterness over her withered hopes. That they were to be blasted, a few months decided. A paper from New

York announced the marriage of *Mr. Richard Beaumont,* merchant, to the *amiable* and accomplished Miss Belinda Philomela Ashton.

Such an outcry as it raised in the village of ——. "What, Dick Woodcock married to a city miss!" said Colonel Piper. "He'll pay dearly for his whistle, I guess. Fine birds must have fine feathers."

"He never will prosper in this world—that's certain," said Miss Clarissa Comstock; a maiden lady, whose age gave her authority as an oracle.

"It is a bad business, dealing in lottery tickets," observed Doctor Soda, who, by the way, had drawn three blanks. "Riches got in such a hasty manner never wear well."

"'Tis a pity, truly a pity, and I mourn that one so promising should fall into error," said the clergyman, who was truly benevolent and sincere.

In short, not a person in the town, except Chloe Harris, was silent on the occasion of Dick's fickleness and faithlessness. Even his own mother, dearly as she loved him, and proud as she was of his prosperity, acknowledged he was greatly to be blamed. Many talked of a prosecution, and guessed that Chloe might obtain full half of his fortune as her damages; but none dared hint such a manner of revenge to the fair, injured, but uncomplaining girl.

A short time, however, brought a letter from the recreant swain to his forsaken mistress, in which he made many awkward attempts at apology;—declaring his friendship for her unalterable, wished her a better husband than ever he should make; and finally, begged her acceptance of a draft for $1000, which his letter enclosed, as some reparation of the wrong he had done her.

This is a speculating and selfish age; and to think "money will answer all things," is too much the characteristic of Americans. Shame on them, that, with their high privileges of intellectual, moral, and civil improvement, they should make gold their god! Even ladies have not escaped the contamination of selfishness. A few hundred dollars will dry the weeping eyes of the most despairing damsel, and make her think the defection of her plighted swain a very lucky speculation—and so, instead of breaking her own heart, she very coolly determines to break his credit, comforting herself with the thought that cash is more current than love. Such is avarice. Honour, patriotism, religion, even delicacy and affection, are sacrificed on the altar of avarice. God of my country! is there no word of power can exorcise this demon from among us!

The noble mind of Chloe Harris disdained such a mercenary appeal. She had loved Richard fond-

ly, dearly, truly. He had broken his vows—but she could not forget her tenderness; and now, should she accept of paltry gold as an equivalent for his affection? No—she spurned the base idea. She returned him his letter and draft, without comment or expostulation, leaving the injuries he had done her to God and his own conscience for accusation and punishment. Her faded cheek and melancholy eye alone told the tale of her wrongs and her sorrows, and the pity of her friends was only exhibited by added respect and increased attentions and tenderness towards the dignified and innocent sufferer.

Thus passed away two years, during which time they frequently heard of *Mr. Beaumont*, alias Dick Woodcock, and of the splendid style in which he was figuring. Many of the old people shook their heads, and observed they feared (that is, hoped) he would see hard times before he died; but nearly all the young men thought him a very fortunate and happy fellow. Dick could have told them a different tale. Yet few grow wise by the mistakes of others; it is only by experience we are convinced that gaiety is not happiness. Dick had surfeited on the pleasures of the world, and found them fallacious. He had been introduced to every fashionable amusement, and when their novelty was gone, they were amusements no longer.

He had been initiated into every fashionable vice, and found his peace and health and fortune were to be sacrificed in the pursuit. He was new to sin, and open to reproof; and had he but possessed one faithful friend, to have warned him of his danger, and pointed out the means of escape, he might have been rescued from ruin. But he had forsaken those who loved him for himself, and was surrounded by a set of interested sharpers and holyday-friends, who only wished to fleece him of his substance, or feed at his expense.

His wife was all sentiment in her expressions, and all selfishness in her heart. She had married him solely for his fortune, and seemed determined, by the extravagance of her expenditures, to make herself amends for what she considered her sacrifice of dignity in the connexion with an uneducated country booby. In short, Dick found his elegant house was only for the accommodation of company; that the costly furniture was all arranged for parties; that his servants were kept to wait upon his guests, and his wife's smiles, and music, and taste, and time, were all devoted to the entertainment of those she thought better worth her attention than her husband.

Where now was the social hearth, the kindred smile, the domestic confidence, he had been educated to enjoy? Too late he repented his infatua-

tion. He thought of the affection of Chloe; of her modest virtues and home-loving disposition; of the estimation in which all his wishes had been held by her, and—but it was "too late"—the die was cast; onward he must go, knowing, also, that the end would be ruin.

It seemed as if fortune, with her proverbial inconstancy, now sought to torment and disappoint, as much as she had before favoured him; almost every speculation into which he entered, owing either to his own ignorance, or the villany of those with whom he was concerned, was unsuccessful; and from what might well have been termed an independent fortune, he soon began to be in want of money. To relieve himself from some of his embarrassments he disposed of his paternal estate, which he had left in the management of his mother. This, he feared, would give her uneasiness, but knew not how to avoid it.

When the new owner arrived at the village, and announced to Mrs. Woodcock the purchase of the farm, not even excepting the reversion of her dower, she seemed thunderstruck; but when he actually took possession, her reason well nigh deserted her. She had borne the death of her husband with the fortitude of a Christian,—that was an inevitable evil. She had been cheerful, too, under the desertion of her son, for she was a bustling

woman, and the care of the estate had occupied her mind, and prevented her from dwelling on the dangers to which he was exposed. But now she was bereft of all—and to see the fields her husband had cultivated, the trees he had planted, the house he had erected, in the possession of a stranger, while she had none to "soothe her passage to the grave,"—her mind could not support it. A nervous fever attacked her; and now it was that the strength and disinterestedness of Chloe Harris's affection for her first and only love was tested. She lavished on the mother the tenderness, which neither his falsehood nor time had destroyed, towards the son. Day and night she sat by her pillow, and tended and soothed her, as if she had been indeed her mother. And when the poor heart-broken woman wept over the follies, and predicted the ruin of her prodigal, Chloe always found some extenuating circumstance to urge in his favour, even while weeping herself at the remembrance of his cruelty and injustice. A short time, however, terminated the sufferings of Mrs. Woodcock. She died blessing Chloe, and charging her with reproofs and forgiveness for her erring son.

Richard had been informed of his mother's illness, but did not—perhaps could not—visit her, and she was laid in the grave, and wept only by Chloe. From that day, the sweet girl seemed pining with

unrestrained sorrow. While she thought the man she had loved was happy, she had endeavoured to bear her own disappointment unmurmuring; but now, when convinced that he had sacrificed his own peace and honour at the shrine of folly, and that the day was not far distant when, deprived of his fortune, he must be degraded and miserable, she wept for him as well as for herself; and her sorrow, joined with the fatigue she had undergone in nursing Mrs. Woodcock, soon terminated in a quick consumption. She welcomed the approach of death as a kind messenger, which would bear her from a world of sorrow to a region of peace, and departed without a struggle. Before her strength was exhausted, she had written a letter to Dick, in which, after detailing the scenes of his mother's death, and delivering her dying admonitions, she adverted to her own situation, briefly describing the tortures he had inflicted on her trusting heart, and concluded by saying—"Before this meets your eye, I shall be laid in the calm and silent grave. I die willingly—I die peacefully—but—oh! Richard, how will you meet the king of terrors? When that hour approaches, assure yourself of my forgiveness; yes, when your own conscience speaks in thunders, let my remembrance whisper forgiveness of all I can forgive. Would that I could assure you of the pardon of heaven! Farewell! farewell!

I shall pray for you with my last breath." She had given directions that it should not be sent till after her death.

Dick, meanwhile, was suffering the penalty of his faults. Partly to stifle reflection, and partly yielding to example, he had become a gambler, and always losing, as is generally the case with novices in this pastime, his ruin had become inevitable. Attachments were levied upon his property;—if he went abroad, he was assailed by duns—at home, he was met with reproaches, till he felt existence a burden, and even breathed blasphemous wishes, that he might be annihilated.

It was during one of these paroxysms of desperation that the letter from Chloe Harris was put into his hands. He recollected the hand-writing, and trembled; yet there were sweet feelings mingled with his terrific ones. He thought of her love, of the happy hours they had passed together, of the happy life they had anticipated—his heart melted; he kissed the signature, while his eyes were filled with tears. He broke the seal, but when he had read the contents, the whirlwind of his passions defied control. His dying mother—his darling Chloe—he saw them—he heard their meek voices raised to bless the wretch who had sacrificed them to his vanity!

"Oh!" exclaimed he—"if they had only cursed

me! Why did they not curse me? I deserved it —I would have bowed down in the dust, and submitted to any punishment. Yes; I deserve the most horrible!" and then he raved against his own folly, and called heaven's vengeance on the villain who had betrayed him, till his strength was exhausted—then recurring to the forgiveness of those injured beings, his soul softened, and he wept aloud.

Forming a hasty resolution to quit a place which had become intolerable to him, he took passage in a vessel which was just getting under sail for New Orleans. He took no leave of his wife—all was the effect of a momentary determination. During the voyage he was gloomy and abstracted—his only satisfaction being derived from perusing the letter of Chloe Harris, which he kept constantly in his bosom. Sick at heart, when he landed at New Orleans he took no precautions to guard against the yellow fever, which was then prevailing: it attacked him, and in three days from the time he landed, pressing the letter of Chloe to his bosom, he fervently ejaculated—"O God! forgive me!" and expired.

AN OLD MAID.

"Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her."

"Miss Atherton, Mr. Burton,"—said Mrs. Carvill, as she led forward the lady whom she had met at the door, and embraced with an affectionate warmth that could not be mistaken for commonplace courtesy. The smile of welcome is not like that of politeness, and it must be a novice who is deceived in such matters. Mr. Burton admired Mrs. Carvill's taste and honoured her judgment, and respected her sincerity—and he saw she loved Miss Atherton; but how any mortal could love an old maid was, to him, matter of astonishment. Had she only been called *Mrs.*, he would have seen at once in her countenance that kindness of expression which tells the tale of the devoted wife, and affectionate mother, and all the soft charities of life—but a *Miss*, who had evidently lived her ten lustres, was associated, in his mind and feelings, with all the disagreeable peculiarities of temperament

and character ever displayed by poor human nature.

"Do you not think Miss Atherton a very elegant woman?" asked Mrs. Carvill, as the first named lady departed.

Burton assented, for he was too polite to disagree with a lady, and respecting her friend, too—but there was an expression in his eye which Mrs. Carvill understood—she heeded it not, but continued—"Miss Atherton is my beau ideal of female excellence, and I am always exacting of my friends the same homage to her virtues. I hope you will trust me as voucher, till you are acquainted with her, and then she will need no eulogist."

"And yet, notwithstanding her perfections, she has, it seems, lived only for herself, and wasted her sweetness on the desert air."

"A very gentlemanly manner of expressing your dislike of an old maid," said Mrs. Carvill, smiling.

Mr. Burton returned the smile, as he replied: "I have, I confess, an aversion to the whole tribe of antiquated maidens; not doubting, however, that there may be amiable and intelligent ladies among them. You will ask my reasons—well, it seems to my mind impossible they can possess the true, feminine virtues and graces of character in the perfection they would have done, had they been mar-

ried, and of course initiated into the performance of social and domestic duties, and imbued with the charities and affections of their own sweet home. I think they must be egotists, because they have had no engrossing object of love that would make them forget *self*—and they must be discontented, too, from that constitution of our nature which makes us invest the unattained, and especially the unattainable, with extraordinary attractions; and these feelings, selfishness and discontent, will make them envious, suspicious and ill-natured. I do not include Miss Atherton in this picture—she is your friend, and I said there were exceptions; but, I own, my interest in her is not increased by the circumstance of finding her a single lady."

Mrs. Carvill did not reply to these opinions of her guest. She knew such were entertained by most men, and that they would never be altered by the arguments of a woman. It is strange a lady will argue—she never convinces a man by arguments addressed to his reason; but she may by appeals to his feelings—to his heart. Nor need she think this course at all derogatory to the character of her influence, or to the truths she would impress. It is more important to the cause of virtue and public morals, that men's feelings and affections should be kept right and pure, than that they should

be logically convinced of the importance of goodness and purity.

Mrs. Carvill changed the subject of conversation—the last new poem was discussed; the transition to the sister art, painting, was easy, and then engraving seemed to glide in as naturally as the ghost in Hamlet illustrated the story of Bernardo. "I have lately obtained an engraving that I think tolerable," observed the lady, at the same time producing from her port-folio the piece in question. "This drawing," continued Mrs. Carvill, "has, to my taste, a charm more divine than beauty—it has truth. It is no ideal representation; but a record of filial devotion and love. I was acquainted with the originals, and have often seen Calista thus kneeling to help on her father's shoe, for he was a man of many infirmities, and more fears. 'The grasshopper shall be a burden,' is a melancholy, but striking description, of the imbecile feelings of the aged. Among other weaknesses, they usually have a dread of strange attendants, and a querulous impatience when such would assist them. This old gentleman was afflicted with the gout in his feet, and the approach of a servant to put on his shoe would have been torture; yet he would sit with folded hands, and that look of quiet and trusting abandonment, which an infant wears in the

arms of its mother, when his daughter knelt beside him, and with her white fingers so skilfully and tenderly performed her office. She was a lovely girl!"

"She was, indeed, if this is a good likeness."

"The features are faithfully drawn—but the beauty of her countenance, the mingled expression of spirit and sweetness, the sparkling vivacity of her dark eye and ready smile, tempered and chastened by that air of thoughtfulness, which seemed the effect of her watchful love and care for the happiness of others, not the affectation of superior wisdom or deep study—these, sir, are traits which can never be delineated. The painter might as well fix on his canvas the changing light of the evening cloud."

"I hope her destiny has been a happy one," remarked Mr. Burton; "she must have made an estimable wife."

Mrs. Carvill smiled as she answered: "I see you have no faith in female excellence, unless developed in the matronly character. Now, I would have a wider field for woman's usefulness. I would have our young ladies impressed with the idea that their happiness and respectability does not necessarily result from marriage, but from the cheerful and faithful discharge of the duties before them, in whatever state or station they may be placed. But

examples strike more than general truths. Allow me to tell you the story of my drawing.

This old gentleman was twice married, and had three daughters, just the number for a fairy tale, and Calista was the youngest and the favourite, as all such stories have it. She was the daughter of the second wife, and ten or twelve years younger than her half-sisters, who, according to our mode of early marriages, were wooed and won before Calista was out of the nursery. Her mother died soon after; and whether it was that her father felt the deep loneliness which nothing but the presence of some beloved object can dispel, or whether he feared the plan pursued in educating his two elder daughters was injurious, I cannot say, but he adopted a very different method with Calista than is usually pursued by the rich and fashionable among us. He did not send her to a boarding-school, to learn frivolous accomplishments, and make romantic friendships, and have her head filled with the fashions and the beaux, before any principles for the guidance of her conduct in life, or any distinct ideas of what constituted rational happiness, had been conveyed to her mind. Certain it is, that the love of home and the habit of domestic confidence must pervade female education, or merely being married will never make a woman fond of domestic pleasures, or capable of discharging domestic

duties. It is strange, Mr. Burton, that men of sense, learning, and knowledge of the world, can believe that a weak-minded, sentimental, frivolous young lady, whose whole heart is devoted to dress, amusements, and husband-hunting, will make a kind, and submissive, and judicious wife! Such apparently gentle girls are the most unreasonable beings in the universe—as wives, I mean."

"I will never marry such an one, Mrs. Carvill."

"Not an unreasonable one, you mean. But you will not believe, till you find by *conjugal* experience, that a pretty, soft-spoken, sentimental young creature, whose deepest learning is a few French phrases, and a few tunes on the piano, can exhibit passions violent as Queen Elizabeth, or be obstinate as Madame de Stael in an argument."

"Will you not, my dear madam, when understanding so well the danger, instruct me how to avoid it? I will do any thing you enjoin, except to marry a *blue*—that, I hope, you will not propose."

"No—that would be to condemn you to celibacy, for *blues* are as scarce here as honest men were in the days of Diogenes. I can give you only one rule that will always apply. Before proposing to marry a young lady, consider if she has qualities you would esteem in an intimate friend—if she have not, never dream your love will last, though she be beautiful as a Houri. Beauty is a fascinating

object—but, who ever selected a friend for his or her beauty?"

"But your Calista was handsome."

"True—and I think it an advantage that she was handsome. I admire beauty, but I do not love it. Our pride is flattered to possess personal charms ourselves, or contemplate them in our friends, but they never yet made an individual more worthy our esteem; and true love must be fostered by esteem, founded on the qualities of the heart and mind. Calista was lovely, and her father used to gaze on her with parental exultation; but it was her winning ways, her gentleness and cheerfulness, that made her seem dearer to him than life; and it was her good sense, and ready ability to assist him, that won his undoubting reliance on her judgment, and made her his confidant and counsellor in every emergency. She was, as I observed, educated at home; a widowed aunt, an accomplished, judicious, elegant and pious woman, supplying the mother's place; and with occasional lessons from masters, and the superintendence of her father's watchful care, she grew up one of the most perfect and fascinating beings I ever beheld. She had learning enough to make a woman vain, and was mistress of every lady-like accomplishment—had beauty that made her the cynosure of all eyes; and yet, though I have heard her eulogium from young

and old, it was always rung on one change—her goodness. She did not live for display. Her father had cultivated her reason, and like a reasonable being, she found her happiness in the performance of her duties."

"Was she not fond of society, of amusements?" demanded Mr. Burton.

"Certainly; she enjoyed society with that keen relish which cultivated minds only know. It was not with her the silly, selfish pleasure of exciting admiration by her appearance, but of improving herself by that most exalted privilege of humanity —conversation. And she had, in perfection, the happy art of making all around her enjoy themselves. Her intelligence and vivacity were not reserved for brilliant occasions, that she might shine in company. I have never seen her more gay and agreeable than in her father's apartment, when nursing him during his periodical returns of ill health. The intercourse between them always reminded me of Winter in the lap of May. The tastes and feelings, that usually seem checked and chilled in one of his years, were by her sunshine and freshness of spirit kept alive, and he retained, at eighty years, the relish for those innocent and mental pleasures that charmed him in youth; that is, when Calista was present—but he would droop and complain if she were detained from his side,

and all cheerfulness seemed to forsake him. It was this that determined her not to marry during her father's life."

"Your heroine is then to turn out an old maid, I find," said Mr. Burton, smiling; "and you are reading me a homily on my prejudices against single damsels."

"No, not exactly that. I am simply relating the circumstances that made me love, almost worship, an old maid; and you may draw your own inferences. For myself, I believe that the happiness and respectability of a woman is most permanently secured by a good marriage—but I think it highly injurious to my own sex, and to society, that our young girls should be educated only with a view to marriage. I would have females instructed that the fulfilment of their duties is, in any fortune, any station, sufficient for their happiness—and I would have them respected, when filling up their lives by acts of usefulness and benevolence, as among the excellent of the earth."

"Why, so would I; but you know, Mrs. Carvill, that all single ladies are not as perfect as your friend. I cannot but hope Calista wedded some worthy man at last."

A smile crossed the lady's benevolent countenance, as she replied, "that wish was often breathed for her, but I believe never by her. While her

father lived, she never permitted marriage to enter into her calculations. She never gave any encouragement that permitted an offer—and though so handsome and agreeable, and with the expectancy of a tolerable fortune, she, by her prudence, prevented any gentlemen from falling in love with her. All who approached her, seemed to consider her beyond their reach; and this circumstance has always made me feel very intolerant towards those coquettes who keep a train of lovers around them, when they have no intention of accepting any one of the number. Against such heartless coquettes, when left to be old maids, the ridicule of the world is not unjustly directed. I never wish to hear a single lady boast of her offers. There is something undignified and unfeeling in the exhibition of the disappointments she may have inflicted, unless the offers were dictated by mercenary considerations. In such cases, the lady has sufficient provocation to be severe. Calista's father lived till she was nearly forty. The days of romance were over. She had engaged in many charities—had taken one of her nieces to educate—had, in short, fixed her routine of life, and felt that her habits must be altered, and favourite occupations perhaps foregone, should she marry then; for a man suitable to her age, would also have formed his habits, and fixed his opinions, to which her's must have

been conformed. A widower, and bachelor, both unexceptionable in character and fortune, applied to her friends—and her answer decided for celibacy for life. Yet she was one of the most lovely, and is now one of the most agreeable women I ever saw. Her heart, her affections, have always been engrossed by some dear object; and I do not think a wife or mother ever fulfilled their duties with more tender devotion. The fountain of woman's love has flowed out in benevolence to her friends; and in making others happy, she has found the reward of her own happiness. Would she, in the character of a wife and mother, be more amiable, more justly entitled to our esteem, than she is now as an old maid?"

"No—I think not; and I like your ideas respecting the education of young women. I have, myself, been disgusted to hear calculations for the marriage of their daughters, enter into all the plans of mothers; and I have vowed never to wed with such an one, educated for the market! But your friend—I wish you would introduce me to her."

"It has already been done, sir. The original of that picture is Miss Atherton."

LADIES' FAIRS.

"But here the needle plies its busy task."

THE art of *sewing* was the first invention of human skill; and probably one of the first manufactures of Tubal-cain was that of needles. The art has never been lost; wherever man and woman are found, savage or civilized, sewing, in some manner, is practised; so universally, indeed, that it seems an instinct rather than an art, and a distinguishing characteristic of the human race, from every other species of animated nature.

It must be obvious that an art, so long and constantly practised, has had a powerful effect on the character as well as comfort of the world; and had we time for the investigation, it might be easily shown, that the refinement of society is dependant upon the perfection to which needle-work is advanced, and the estimation in which it is held; and, consequently, that woman, to whom this branch of ingenious industry is almost entirely conceded, wields over the destiny of nations a weapon more

powerful than the sword of the conqueror. Such a dissertation is foreign from my purpose; however, my readers will easily, without any prompting, refer the improvement of manners to different eras in the art of sewing, from that of necessity to the needle-work of convenience, of elegance, of luxury; and then comes the crowning grace, when the work of fair fingers is made subservient to the luxury of doing good.

We are slow to learn that, though

> "In faith and hope the world may disagree,
> Yet all mankind's concern is *charity*."

Charity of opinion and feeling was, doubtless, what the moralist intended to inculcate; but, in a world like ours, where physical wants press so heavily on the helpless, where so many are poverty-stricken, and require to be fed and clothed, before kind words can soften their hearts, and convince them that compassion is really felt for their moral wretchedness, and a deep interest in their eternal welfare, we must always consider a disposition to give alms, if not the purest kind of charity, the most certain evidence of feeling pity.

In what manner alms may be best administered, so as to bless those who give and those who take, is a question of much importance. Doubtless, the most essential preparation, by which we are fitted

to receive benefit from any action, is to keep the heart right; but of the hearts of others, we may not judge, and of our own, we are too often partial judges. We must then, in considering the value of the benefits conferred by a particular charity, estimate its effects on the conduct and character of the giver and receiver; and where the tendency of the chosen mode of relieving the distressed is, on the whole, productive of much good, we should not relinquish it, though some objections may exist; for there is no perfect manner of charity. If we are too careful, we shall always be troubled about many things, which a more trusting heart and mind would have avoided.

The expediency of Ladies' Fairs has been, with some excellent people, a subject of doubt, if not of disapprobation; and it has been our lot to hear the matter discussed, feelingly, by those who held opposite opinions, and yet were equally entitled to that best of human appellations—the benevolent.

Those who disapprove this mode of charity, urge the impropriety of the display—that it encourages vanity in young ladies, and makes the motive of being seen and admired, the predominating one in their hearts.

Another objection is, that the real benefits of the charity are, to the poor, very problematical—if one class of sufferers is helped, another is injured, be-

cause the articles sold are principally made by the rich, and, being disposed of, prevent the sale of fancy works of a similar description, which would be made by those who have the skill, and depend wholly on their industry and ingenuity, but who are, by this competition of the Fairs, thrown out of employment.

These, we believe, are the principal objections: let us examine them.

The first objection would be a serious one, if this were the only manner of display which could foster vanity, or the most likely one to excite and gratify it. But this is not the case. Young ladies are seen at places of public resort, and seen, too, in their promenades, with quite as much freedom to the observers, and hazard to the observed. While the sexes are permitted to mingle together in elegant amusements, in the pursuits of literature, in the worship of God, we cannot discover any impropriety in their occasionally meeting at the shrine of Charity.

But it is said the Fairs offer encouragement to those who would not otherwise be permitted to approach the ladies who manage the show: that the purchase of a ticket will give to any fellow the freedom of the apartment, and the privilege of gazing on the fair managers. So will the purchase of a ticket admit the same fellow to the public con-

certs, the hall of the lecturer, and the picture gallery; and yet what elegant, intelligent and virtuous lady, refuses to appear at those places of fashionable resort, because the ignorant, disagreeable, or vicious, may gain admittance? With such she has no communication; nor has she any when they appear at the Fair where she presides; nor while Fairs are managed discreetly, will there occur any opportunity for insolence to wound the feelings of the most delicate lady. Gentlemen may, perhaps, purchase the articles more readily when presented by a fair hand; and the beaming of a bright eye may melt their hearts to unusual generosity in the prices they pay for what is to them of no value, but as associated with the fair—yet mingling with these visions will be the thoughts of the objects to which the money they give will be devoted, and a disposition to encourage other benevolent plans will be fostered by this exercise of benevolence. The man who purchases articles at a Ladies' Fair is more likely to bestow charity on the next applicant than he who condemns all such means of obtaining money for charitable purposes is to give at any time.

The second objection has more apparent reasonableness; for if the poor are deprived of an employment, the same amount of money they could have earned will not, as a charity, be equally beneficial

as would the opportunity of gaining it by their own industry. Giving alms to those who are able to work is a very bad plan. We should not do this. Better let the poor earn what we can afford them, even if the labour they perform is of no manner of use to us. To a poor woman who has nothing to do, the fairy's task of assorting feathers and winding tangled skeins of yarn, if she can have *pay* for her industry, will be better than a support without labour. But we think the articles sold at the Fairs have increased the demand for fancy works of a similar description, and so, instead of injuring those who make such trifles for a livelihood, they benefit them. Those who purchase at the Fairs, with few exceptions, would not otherwise purchase at all; but the fact that they did buy, has a tendency to make fancy works fashionable, and when that is accomplished, their sale is secure. Whatever is fashionable is soon necessary; and the circumstance, that such articles as have been sold at the Ladies' Fairs are now kept at many fancy shops, is proof that the ingenious and industrious poor are reaping benefits from this trade in trifles.

It is true, the articles for the Fairs are chiefly made gratuitously, and by ladies who are exempt from the necessity of earning; and this circumstance, we consider, will have very beneficial consequences. It is exceedingly difficult to give hab-

its of domestic industry to those who have no need of labour: yet on such habits mainly depends the physical health of woman, and much of that cheerfulness of mind which makes her useful and agreeable at home. We regret to see that, in female education, needle-work has, of late, been so sadly undervalued. The old-fashioned accomplishments of embroidery and tenth-stitch were preposterous, when they demanded all the time of woman; and so would be music, or drawing, or any accomplishment we term literary. A young lady should be trained to vary her employments, and display, in every department of womanly knowledge, good sense and refined taste; and she may as truly exhibit sense, and taste, and elegance of fancy in her needle-work, as in reciting philosophy, quoting poetry, or playing the harp.

The truth is, that in female education there is now danger from excess of mental culture. The mind is dragged and driven to make exertions beyond its abilities, and the constitution fails in the effort; and from the confinement to which girls are subjected at school, particularly when their studies are likewise continued at home. Some relaxation should be allowed, and then a taste for the beauties of needle-work, and for all feminine employments, in which fancy and skill are blended with industry, may be cultivated; and surely, when these are call-

ed forth, and directed by the pure motive of relieving the distressed, they are deserving of high praise.

"I have made all these articles during mornings and holidays," said a pretty young lady, as she showed me a variety of butterfly needle-books, pincushions of many forms, and other ingenious and beautiful creations, that completely covered her work-table. "I engaged to make a dozen articles for the Fair," continued the lovely girl, "but I liked the employment so well, that I have made double the number. Mother thought I would be soon tired of rising so early—and I thought so too; but I have felt the better for it every day, and I learn my lessons at school better, because I must study and be industrious there, so that I can have more time at home to work on these pretty things."

Here is the true secret of making the rich industrious—it is to give them a pleasurable motive for exertion. The poor must labour to live; but a young lady who can have every pecuniary wish gratified, without taking thought for the means, is in great danger of becoming indolent, selfish, useless and unhappy.

So far as the Ladies' Fairs have relieved the rich from *ennui*, and the poor from suffering, they have done good, much good—and we hope they will be continued. The money obtained should be sacred

to the sick and helpless; suffering age and destitute childhood seem the proper objects of this charity; and the young and rich, while devoting their time and thoughts to these, may be assured that they will do honour to themselves by exhibiting their industry and ingenuity, their skill in needle-work, and the devotion of that skill to benevolent purposes.

THE MODE.

"Some change of course, should be in force,
But surely not so much."

WHAT a variety of changes there has been in the costumes of men and women since the fig-leaf garments were in vogue! And these millions of changes have, each and all, had their admirers, and every fashion has been, in its day, called *beautiful.* It is evident, therefore, that the reigning fashion, whatever it be, comprehends the essence of the agreeable, and that to continue one particular mode or costume, beautiful for successive ages, it would only be necessary to keep it fashionable. Some nations have taken advantage of this principle in the philosophy of dress, and have, by that means, retained a particular mode for centuries; and there is no doubt the belles of these unfading fashions were, and are, quite as ardently admired, as though they had changed the form of their apparel at every revolution of the moon.

In some important particulars these fixed planets of fashion certainly have the advantage over those who are continually displaying a new phasis.

They present fewer data for observation, and consequently, the alterations which time will bring to the fairest person is less perceptible, or, as they always seem the same, less noted. There are few trials more critical to a waning beauty, than the appearing in a new and brilliant fashion. If it becomes her, the whisper instantly runs round the circle, "how young she looks!"—a most invidious way of hinting she is as old as the hills;—if it does not become her, which is usually the case, then you will hear the remark, "what an odious dress!"—meaning, the wearer looks as ugly as the Fates.

The contrast between a new fashion and an old familiar face instantly strikes the beholder, and makes him run over all the changes in appearance he has seen the individual assume; and then, there is danger that the antiquated fashions may be revived—and how provoking it is to be questioned whether one remembers when long waists and hoops, and ruffled-cuffs were worn!—A reference to the parish-register, or the family-record, would not disclose the age more effectually.

Nor are the youthful exempted from their share in the evils of change. It draws the attention of the beholder to the dress, rather than the wearers; and it reminds bachelors, palpably and alarmingly, of the expense of supporting a wife who must thus

appear in a new costume every change of the mode.

Now, as it is fashion which makes the pleasing in dress, were one particular form retained ever so long, it would always please, and thus the unnecessary expense of time and money be avoided; and the charges of fickleness and frivolousness entirely repelled. We have facts to support this opinion.

Is not the Spanish costume quite as becoming as our own mode? and that costume has been unchanged, or nearly so, for centuries; while the French and English, from whom we borrow our fashions (poor souls that we are, to be thus destitute of invention and taste)! have ransacked nature, and exhausted art, for comparisons and terms by which to express the new inventions they have displayed in dress.

We are aware that a certain class of political economists affect to believe that luxury is beneficial to a nation—but it is not so. The same reasoning which would make extravagance in dress commendable, because it employed manufacturers and artists, would also make intemperance a virtue in those who could afford to be drunk, because the preparation of the alcohol employs labourers, and the consumption would encourage trade. All these views of the expediency of tolerating evil

are a part of that Machiavellian system of selfishness which has been imposed on the world for wisdom, but which has proved its origin by the corrupting crimes and miseries men have endured in consequence of yielding themselves dupes or slaves of fashion and vice.

We do hope, indeed believe, that a more just appreciation of the true interests and real happiness of mankind will yet prevail. The improvements, now so rapidly progressing, in the intellectual and civil condition of nations must, we think, be followed by a corresponding improvement in the tastes and pursuits of those who are the *elité* of society. Etiquette and the fashions cannot be the engrossing objects of pursuit, if people become reasonable—the excellencies of mind and heart will be of more consequence to a lady than the colour of a riband or the shape of a bonnet. We would not have ladies despise or neglect dress. They should be *always* fit to be seen; personal neatness is indispensable to agreeableness —almost to virtue. A proper portion of time and attention must scrupulously be given to external appearance, but not the whole of our days and energies. Is it worthy of Christians, pretending to revere the precepts of HIM who commanded them not to "take thought what they should put on," to spend their best years in studying the form

of their apparel? Trifles should not thus engross us, and they need not, if our citizens would only shake off this tyranny of fashion, imposed by the tailors of Paris and London, and establish a national costume, which would, wherever an American appeared, announce him as a republican, and the countryman of Washington. The men would probably do this, if our ladies would first show that they have sufficient sense and taste to invent and arrange their own costume (without the inspiration of foreign milliners) in accordance with those national principles of comfort, propriety, economy, and becomingness, which are the only true foundation of the elegant in apparel.

It is not necessary to elegance of appearance, nor to the prosperity of trade, that changes in fashion should so frequently occur. Take, for instance, the article of shoes. What good consequence results from a change in the fashion of shoes?

If we have a becoming and convenient mode, why not retain it for centuries, and save all the discussions about square-toed, round or peaked—and all the other *ad infinitum* changes in cut and trimmings? And if the hours thus saved were devoted to reading or exercise, would not the mind and health be more improved than if we were em-

ployed in deciding the rival claims of the old and new fashion of shoes to admiration?

Such portions of time may seem very trifling, but the aggregate of wasted hours, drivelled away thus by minutes, makes a large part of the life allotted us.

We by no means advocate an idle and stupid state of society. Excitement is necessary; emulation is necessary; and we must be active if we would be happy. But there are objects more worthy to call forth the energies of rational beings than the tie of a cravat, or the trimming of a bonnet. And when the moral and intellectual beauty of character is more cultivated and displayed, we hope that the "foreign aid of ornament" will be found less necessary; and when all our ladies are possessed of "inward greatness, unaffected wisdom, and sanctity of manners," they will not find a continual flutter of fashion adds any thing to the respect and affection their virtues and simple graces will inspire.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

——————— "I would rend away
The links that bind my spirit—I would burst
From my dark cell of silence into day,
And climb with tireless hand my upward way,
Where all, who wield the hearts of men, have trod;
Honour and love are there, and these repay
For the dull cares and toils wherein we plod—
They have a spell to charm the slave who turns the clod."

Percival.

"WHAT a shame it is that we have not one real poet among our thirteen millions of people!" said Edward Blakeley, as he entered the parlour, with the Edinburgh Review in his hand.

"You forget, Edward," cried his sister Lucy, eagerly; "there is Bryant, and Percival, and Willis, and Sigourney, and"——

"No, no, Lucy; I forget no one. I remember well every American who has written a stanza worth remembering, and I could almost worship the writer. But I repeat that we have not, and it is a national disgrace, a single individual among our thirteen millions of people, who devotes himself or herself to the service of the Muses."

"Because there is no adequate compensation offered for poetry," said uncle Thomas. "We have the poetic temperament in profusion among us."

"I fear not," replied Edward; "I fear this dullness is constitutional. When I read the sarcastic observations of Englishmen and Scotchmen, on our want of genius and originality, I often am so mortified, with feeling that the accusation is true, that I almost hate the name of American."

"We shall have poets when we have Mæcenases," remarked uncle Thomas, drily.

"It is possible—but, dear uncle, what reasons have you for believing this? None of the immortal bards have written for hire."

"But they were rewarded, nevertheless; or most of them, with whose histories we are acquainted, attained, in consequence of their writings, situations of honour and profit; or, at any rate, they were better provided for than they would have been, had they never made rhymes. Most of the poets have been what the aristocratic language of the old world styles *low-born;* and their genius exalted them to be companions of the titled, learned and wealthy; and this envied privilege these *low-born* poets could not in any other way have obtained. So that you see, Edward, there is a reward, and one, too, exceedingly coveted, where the distinctions of rank are established

by law, for men of genius to devote themselves to works of imagination and taste. America has not, as yet, offered these rewards in a sufficient measure to foster that inclination which genius, I believe, always feels, to indulge in the studies which would elevate and refine society, rather than make it comfortable."

"And so, I suppose, you are intending I shall infer, that the brave spirits among us republicans, who might have been distinguished as poets, are employing their powers to invent steamboats and cotton gins," &c. &c.

"I mean to say, Edward, that our men of genius have hitherto found useful speculations more surely the path to fame, wealth and respectability, than sublime fancies would have been. And so they have been utilitarians, when they might have been poets. But we will leave this discussion for the present. I had promised the girls a story, and was just beginning as you came in—and I believe they will prefer my story to your logic."

The young ladies laughed, and declared, as young ladies should do, that they infinitely preferred stories to logic.

Edward looked a little blanked, for he had just graduated, and thought, as graduates usually do, that all wisdom was learned at college; and that whatever did not savour of logic, must be nonsense.

But still his early habit of listening to the stories of his mother, had made him love stories, and he could not, with all his logic, cure himself of the silly habit, as he called it. So now he sat down, a little without the circle which drew around uncle Thomas, and though keeping his eyes on the open page of the Edinburgh Review, he heard every word of the following TALE:

"About fifteen years ago I made an overland journey to New York city, by the way of Windsor, Vermont, thence across the Green Mountains to Albany; but from that place I went by water, so that, after all, it was not exactly a land journey. But it was long enough to tire me prodigiously, for the roads then were rough, and the company I met in the stage duller than the mile-stones, for these last always reported progress. I recollect, in particular, how disgusted I was with the affectation and chatter of a party who entered the stage the morning we started from Windsor. There was a young fellow who fancied himself a great man, because his father could afford him money enough to spend. I knew his father well—a pains-taking, plodding drudge in the service of mammon he was —and he had been rewarded for his servitude. He was rich. His son has, not long since, been in the debtor's room, and, I believe, taken the poor debt-

or's oath. Little did he think of such a downfal when I saw him in the stage. Then he was all pertness and flippancy; and the two ladies he was escorting, the young Miss to whom he was engaged, and her maiden aunt, were delighted with his pertness, which they doubtless thought wit, and they laughed at every silly, stupid observation he made.

"I did not think it strange that the young lady was pleased; she was blinded by her love or vanity; but I did think an elderly spinster, who I could see wore false hair, and of course was gray, for it was not then the fashion for all ladies to wear it, might have been more wise. But to tell the truth, the ladies were as shallow as the coxcomb, and that is a case which seldom occurs; for though women are rarely found so wise as wise men, they are as rarely found so weak as foolish men. The fair sex have, as I think, an instinctive capacity for social intercourse, and seldom appear so dull, odd, or awkward, even when ignorant of established rules and the subjects of colloquy, as do their lords—and then they have a kindness in their smile, an attentiveness in their manner, which makes one believe they comprehend every word they hear. I always like to talk before ladies, for I am then incited to use my best language, and bring out my purest thoughts and feelings."

"And tell your best stories, too," said Lucy.

"Yes, my love, when I do not forget them in my old-fashioned digressions. But I shall go on regularly now, for I am just coming to my hero."

"Then the young beau in the stage is not to be your hero?" observed Edward.

"No, no, Edward—I shall never take a coxcomb for a hero of mine. But I don't mean by a coxcomb, one who likes to dress and dash, even though he may carry his extravagance a little too far. I mean a conceited prig, who has nothing but extraneous qualifications to entitle him to his place in society. He depends on his father's fame, or friends, or wealth, or else on the eclat of graduating at a popular university, or travelling over Europe, or residing in a city; such a fellow is all pride and pretension, and seems to think nature has given him a patent of nobility, when, if it were not for a combination of lucky circumstances in his favour, he would probably have been a wood-sawyer or an old clothes man. It seldom, however, happens that such an one is fortunate to the end; and when the time of trial comes, he 'falls, like Lucifer, to rise no more.' There's poetry for you, Edward. I am glad you listen so attentively to my story."

"Your lecture, you mean, uncle."

"My story, I say. Where was I? Oh! the stage-coach. Well, we had just crossed the Green

Mountains, and during the whole ride I had hardly opened my lips. I felt truly rejoiced when a man in a wagon, who had come from a cross-road, which seemed to lead through the woods on our left, hallooed for the stage to stop, and after inquiring if there were many passengers, said a gentleman wished to go on as far as Rutland.

"The gentleman soon came up, for he had not ridden in the wagon, and taking a small bundle from the wagon seat, he handed it to the coachman to place on the top of the stage, and then taking a box from a buffalo skin, in which it had been wrapped, he spoke a few words earnestly, and in a low tone, to the wagoner, and then entered the stage. I tell all these circumstances, because they are essential to the catastrophe.

"When the stranger entered, I bowed, as I always do on such occasions, but the coxcomb I have before named turned up his nose, with a scornful smile, and instantly removed from the front seat, where he had hitherto sat, to gaze, as I supposed, uninterruptedly on his Dulcinea, to the middle seat, which I had hitherto occupied alone, and thus left the whole forward seat for the new comer. He, however, did not seem to wish for much space in which to display himself. On the contrary, I thought he appeared to shrink from

observation, and drew his hat down over his eyes, and his red silk handkerchief up over his chin. These movements might not have any particular motive, but there certainly was a mystery in the curious box he carried with him. It was a queer shaped box, nearer a triangle than any other form; perhaps eighteen inches on the longest side, and about twelve inches in height. This box the wagoner had handed to the traveller, after the latter entered the stage. It was handed very carefully, and the traveller held it very cautiously, and kept his eyes fastened on it in a way which seemed to me very odd. I noted these things more, perhaps, because I was glad to have a subject to employ my thoughts, and prevent the silly simpering conversation which was going on between the lovers and the duenna from entering my sober ears. But I could not wholly escape hearing, and I found their witticisms were directed against the stranger. I knew, too, that he must hear them, for once or twice the colour rose on his pale cheek, and he held down his head, and closed his eyes, as though he would have us think he was asleep.

"I always feel pained to see a fellow being suffer such contumely, when it is so undeserved, and I endeavoured, by paying him particular attention, to reassure him. But it was all in vain that I

talked to him. I could not draw him out. He would answer my questions, but as briefly as possible, consistent with civility. To my several remarks on the country, the weather, the news, &c., he would not add a single syllable. He seemed to be labouring under some excitement or anxiety of mind, which entirely unfitted him for conversation. I did not think it was bashfulness, as what he did say was spoken in an easy assured tone, and there was no lack of information in his answers. But he would not talk; and so I contented myself with taking the inventory of his apparel. He was not exactly shabby, yet his clothing augured poverty; it was unsuited for the season. The day was a chilly one; it was the last of October, and the traveller had no over-coat nor gloves; and his surtout was thin and threadbare, and his boots were patched, and did not fit him very well.

"Yet still there was something in his appearance and manners which interested me very much—somewhat like the sympathy we read of in novels. He was young, and his face, or all of it I could see, very pale and scholar-like. His eye was blue, deep dark blue, and I thought expressed melancholy or suffering; but there was, at times, a quickness in his movements, which betrayed a hasty temperament, or it might belong to a suspicious

one. Perhaps I should have thought the quick changes of feeling which I observed pass over his countenance were the inspirations of genius, and have set him down as a scholar—a poet—had it not been for his hard, sinewy hand, which showed too plainly that manual labour had been his calling. All these particulars I noted before it grew dark; and, on the whole, I made up my mind that he would prove no common character—but whether inclined to good or evil I could not decide. But tavern-keepers know every body, thought I; so, when we reach Rutland, I'll find out who this young adventurer may be.

"We reached Rutland about nine in the evening. Now I never thought I was much given to the luxuries of the table, but yet, when I am travelling, I confess my mind is quite too much taken up with what I shall eat and what I shall drink. At this time I was cold as well as hungry; the landlord had a good fire and a good supper, and I was so completely engrossed with *self*, that I never observed the young traveller was not at the table with us, nor in the parlour with us, nor did I see him, or think of him, till the landlord was lighting me to my bed. Then I inquired for him.

"'What, the fellow in the surtout?' answered the man. 'Why, he called for a chamber, and

lights, and carried up his box and budget, and then went out, and after a time returned with some one, and they are now, I guess, in that chamber.' He pointed to one next that I was entering.

"'Did he take supper?' said I.

"'No, no! he did not look like one who could afford to eat my suppers.' The landlord laughed, and I felt as though I would have been willing to have gone without my own supper, to have been certain that poor young man was not hungry.

"After the landlord had departed, I sat down in a huge arm-chair that stood close to a door which was then partly open. I had not sat there above a minute, when I was certain I heard voices in the next chamber. It was there that the young man was, and I opened the door without any plan or thought of what I wished to do or know. The door opened into a large closet, which separated the two chambers; I saw a glimmering of light through the plastering near the top of the wall, and I could now plainly hear, for the plastering was very thin, some one talking earnestly and rapidly. My curiosity was awakened. I softly entered the closet, and standing on a chair, could just look through the chink in the wall, which had probably been made by the removal of a nail, or large wooden peg, which had once been driven into the

plastering on the closet side. The hole was sufficiently large for me to see the two men plainly. They sat by a table, one on each side. The young traveller was facing me, consequently I could only see the back of his companion. But I judged by his thin hair, and the appearance of his dress, that he was an elderly man. I noted him but little though, for my whole attention was engrossed by the mysterious traveller.

"This young man had laid aside his hat, and his bold forehead, from which he often brushed back the dark hair that clustered thickly on the top of his head, gave much more of dignity to his appearance than I had thought he possessed. But the charm of his face was in his eyes. I told you they were blue, and I had thought melancholy—all that expression had now passed away. They seemed to burn and literally flash with energy, and hope, and joy, as he went on showing paper after paper to the other gentleman. The papers seemed to be filled partly with writing, and partly with plans or drawings, which the youth was describing. He had taken these papers from his queer-looking box, which stood open on the table; but they did not, I found, constitute its chief treasure. Presently he took, very carefully, some little wheels and models in wood and metal, and other strange fashioned ar-

ticles, from his box—and he placed them together, and then he stood up, and rubbed his hands, and went up close to the other man, and talked. My stars! how fast he talked! You must know that I could not hear a connected sentence, for he spoke low as well as fast, so that the whole scene was pantomimic. It was the most animated one I ever saw—the embodying of real feeling and passion in the changes of noble features, and the gestures of a fine and powerful form.

"You probably wish to know what I thought of the scene and the youth. I could not, for some time, form any guess of his character. At last I saw the old gentleman take from his pocket-book a bank bill, which he seemed comparing with some of the drawings on the papers before him: and then the truth flashed on my mind at once. They were counterfeiters! The whole mystery of the scene was unravelled. I now knew why the young man had come from that cross-road with so much precaution, his whispering with the wagon-driver, his skulking in a corner of the stage, his silence and downcast looks—why, I read the whole history at a glance. It is wonderful how the possession of one link in a confederacy will enable you to put the whole fabric in motion, like pulling the string of a dancing Jack. But so it is. And after

the mystery is understood, how very weak appear the devices of the art which had before blinded you!—and how manfully you go on, tearing in pieces the whole fabric, and accounting for every appearance, probable or improbable, with as little hesitancy as you would balance an account, when the items were all before you.

"I had heard, when in Windsor, of the recent escape of a young and ingenious villain, who had been detected in passing counterfeit money. I believe I read the advertisement, offering a large reward for his apprehension; at any rate, I heard him described, and the youth before me answered the description. He had 'dark hair and blue eyes, and was nearly six feet in height, and could appear like a gentleman,' as the description ran.

"My first impulse, after making this discovery, was to call the landlord, and have the rogues secured. Then I recollected I had heard that the misguided man was the only son of a widowed mother, who, it was thought, would never survive the disgrace of having him condemned to the state prison. I remembered, too, that extenuating circumstances were named—how the youth, who was clerk in a store, had been inveigled by older villains, and a bad woman, the worst of tempters in a human form. I had heard more than one gentle-

man observe, he hoped the poor fellow would escape, for he might reform if not degraded by public punishment, because he was young, and naturally a fine disposition.

"These thoughts so overpowered me that I could scarcely stand, and so I crept softly from the closet, and sat down in the arm-chair, to reflect what was my duty in this case. On one hand, my sympathy for the unhappy culprit, who I saw was really a noble creature, that is, as God had made him, strongly inclined me to let him take his chances of escape. Then, his poor mother—I fancied I heard her beseeching me not to expose her son, her only son, to disgrace; and I was decided for a few moments to let him go.

"Then the responsibility of an American citizen to protect those laws from violation which he has helped to make and impose, came vividly on my mind. How could I connive at the escape of the guilty from justice, without forfeiting my own esteem, even though my secret should never be known? Those bonds of law which *freemen* impose on themselves, are far more obligatory on the conscience and honour of individuals, than are those statutes enacted by despots, or self-constituted rulers. The *freeman* has no mental reservations. His secret purpose, as well as his solemn oath, is

pledged to support the laws. He knows and feels this responsibility, and he cannot escape it. There is no subterfuge. He cannot say these things belong to the government, let the proper officers look to it. Our police are the citizens, our guards the citizens; and as an American citizen my duty was plain: I must expose the guilty.

"But before I went to call the landlord, I thought I would take one more look at the counterfeiters. The old man had gone; and the youth was pacing the room with an anxious and troubled air. The bright flush, that had given such animation to his features during the discussion, had faded entirely. He was pale as a statue, and when he stopped in his walk, as he several times did, and stood still as a statue, had it not been for the glance of his eye, he would have seemed a marble figure. I pitied him deeply, I think it no shame to say it, though he were a counterfeiter, for I saw he was miserable. Finally, I resolved to go to him, and expostulate with him, and see if I could not find in his penitence some reasons to justify me in letting him escape.

"I went and knocked at his door, which he immediately opened. He seemed a little startled, however, and asked me, abruptly enough, what I wanted with him. I answered that I came to warn

him of consequences which must overtake him soon, if he pursued the course he had begun.

"He looked wonderfully amazed, and asked me to explain. This I did as quickly as possible, for I think a frank straight-forward manner always succeeds best with the young. Had he been an old offender, I should have gone more cunningly to work, and endeavoured to entrap him by artful questions, and asked for a sight of his box, and so on;—but I went right to the point at once, told him how I had seen him and his partner in iniquity, and the contrivances I knew he had in his box for forging bills; and lastly, I told him who I suspected he was.

"He had listened to me without speaking; but once or twice I thought he seemed inclined to laugh; and when I named the counterfeiter P****, he could restrain himself no longer. He burst out, not with a laugh of mirth, as it seemed to me, but of scorn, bitterness, derision, as though he set warning and advice, as well as law and honesty, at defiance.

"I was tempted to knock him down. It seemed to me, as I turned to leave the room, in order to call the landlord, that such a reckless villain well deserved the state prison.

"But when he saw me going, he checked his

laugh, and begged me to have a little patience, and he would show me his box. He brought it forward, and took out every thing it contained. He then untied his bundle, and placed that, too, for my inspection. And then he asked me to take a seat at his table, and sitting down himself, he arranged all his models before me. What do you think they proved to be, Edward?"

"How can I guess?" said Edward.

"Nothing very wicked, I hope, uncle," said Lucy.

"Why," resumed uncle Thomas, taking a huge pinch of snuff—always his custom when a little vexed—"Why, I never like to think of this part of the affair, so we will pass over it as lightly as possible. The models and drawings were those of a machine for grinding tanners' bark, which machine the young man had invented, as well as made some improvement in the process of tanning leather, for which he wished to obtain a patent; and he had been explaining all these matters to an old uncle of his, in order to induce him to advance a sum of money necessary to secure the patent-right.

"I never felt myself less a man than when looking on the models before me, and then on the animated face of the youthful projector, where every feature seemed now instinct with enthusiastic ho-

nesty, as well as energy of purpose. And I had judged him to be a base counterfeiter! Well, I have one comfort. If I sometimes judge wrong, I am always glad to act right. And so I made my apology to the youth;—not a half-way, cautious apology, as if I were

> ——— 'Convinced against my will,
> And of the same opinion still.'

No, no; I spoke out heartily, and told him I was sorry and ashamed of my suspicions, and convinced he was a good as well as an ingenious young man, and I sincerely wished him success. I added, too, that I should like to hear the history of his inventions, and perhaps it might be in my power to assist him. Ah! I wish you could have seen him then, Lucy. His look of thankfulness and joy went to my heart, for I saw I had touched the core of his. The inventions of a projector are dear to him as children to their parents, and to hear them praised is like offering incense to his idols.

"The adventurer's name was Hugh Griswold, and his story was a common one in our country—that of an aspiring boy, determined to raise himself above the condition in which he was born. Monarchists may talk of rank, and how the dig-

nity of high birth elevates human nature; but the struggle to keep an honourable station is never so hearty, so ennobling, as the struggle to attain one. Let public opinion be virtuous and enlightened, and let the free spirit have room to rise by its own deserts, and you place before men the most powerful motive for improvement which society can offer. I shall not relate the story of my hero very minutely. He told me his father was a good man, but sickly, and always poor. He died when Hugh, the eldest of eight children, was fifteen. Hugh described himself as a dreaming, wayward boy, who formed a thousand dazzling schemes by which he might become rich and great. And so loath was he to learn a trade, that his father, who had designed to put his son apprentice to a tanner and shoemaker, never had prevailed with him to begin his trade.

"But the tears of his widowed mother decided him. He saw he must lay aside his books, and forego his dreams of being a scholar, a poet, and a gentleman, to prepare himself to assist her. He went to his trade, but he told me, that even then these wild visions of fame and greatness continued to haunt him, and he had no doubt it was these promptings, which, as he grew older and wiser, took a more reasonable shape, and incited his rest-

less ingenuity to construct experiments and plans which had finally been successful in his present invention.

"'I had determined,' said he, 'to succeed. I laboured during the day, and studied my inventions through the night. For the last three years, I was then nineteen, I have scarcely allowed myself common necessaries, because all my earnings I expended on my experiments. My blessed mother bore with all my plans and whims, even encouraged my projects, and she shall now be rewarded. If I can only go to Washington and secure my patent, I shall soon be independent.'

"You should have seen him, Lucy, while he was saying these things, to know fully how much interest genius and enthusiasm can give to the most common, or, as it is called, vulgar employment. I thought, while he was talking, that *tanning leather* was an office of great and dignified importance. So much did I enter into the spirit of his feelings, that, as I happened then to be a representative in congress, I gave him my name, with an invitation to call on me when he came to Washington, and promised to assist him all in my power. As an earnest of my good-will, I offered to advance him fifty dollars then, if he needed. My offer was, doubtless, wholly unex-

pected by him, for he had never found a patron, and his old uncle, as I afterwards learned, only lent him five dollars. His lip quivered, and it was some time before he spoke; at last he thanked me, and accepted my offer.

"I saw him at Washington. He secured his patent, and soon disposed of shares to such advantage, that I had little doubt he might be a rich man, if his poetic temperament did not hurry him into hazards and extravagancies. I took the liberty, in one of our confidential conversations, to hint this to him. 'Never fear me,' said he, blushing, and half-hesitating—'I am under bonds to be a reasonable man.'

"Under the bonds of the heart, I presume," said I. He smiled, and we parted.

"Ten years after that, I met him on the floor of congress, a representative from New York. Our recognition was, I trust, mutually pleasant. I was not surprised to meet him there, for I knew he had talents and energies which would make him distinguished, if he only persevered; but I confess the extensive knowledge he displayed, and his perfect gentlemanly deportment, somewhat disconcerted my old prejudices. I had held it to be impossible that one, whose early training was neglected, could ever excel in liberality of ideas and re-

finement of manners, those who had had the advantages of a public and polite education. But after he had introduced me to his lady, a lovely and accomplished woman, I wondered less, as I know well the influence of a gentle and intelligent spirit over such a mind as Hugh Griswold possessed. He told me he was rich, very rich, but he valued his wealth only as it made him successful in lore and fame.

"Had that man been born in a sphere of military glory, he would have been a hero; or had literary reputation been the best passport to honours, he would have been a poet. In our country, where the skill that contributes to make life comfortable has been hitherto more regarded and better rewarded than the talents which defend and amuse it, he devoted his genius to the construction of machines for grinding *tanners' bark!* But this predominating influence of bodily wants will not much longer enslave. Our people are becoming rich. The rich will search for expedients to make their wealth contribute to their renown. The age of warriors and spectacles has gone by. Physical strength must yield to mental power; and the indulgence of the senses be considered poor and vulgar, when contrasted with intellectual and moral pleasures. Yes, Edward, the rich will find that

their surest, greatest, most durable distinction, must be the distinction of superior intelligence. They will encourage literature either from taste or for pretension; genius will be exalted and rewarded; and then, Edward, we shall have both Mæcenases and poets."

THE END.

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